

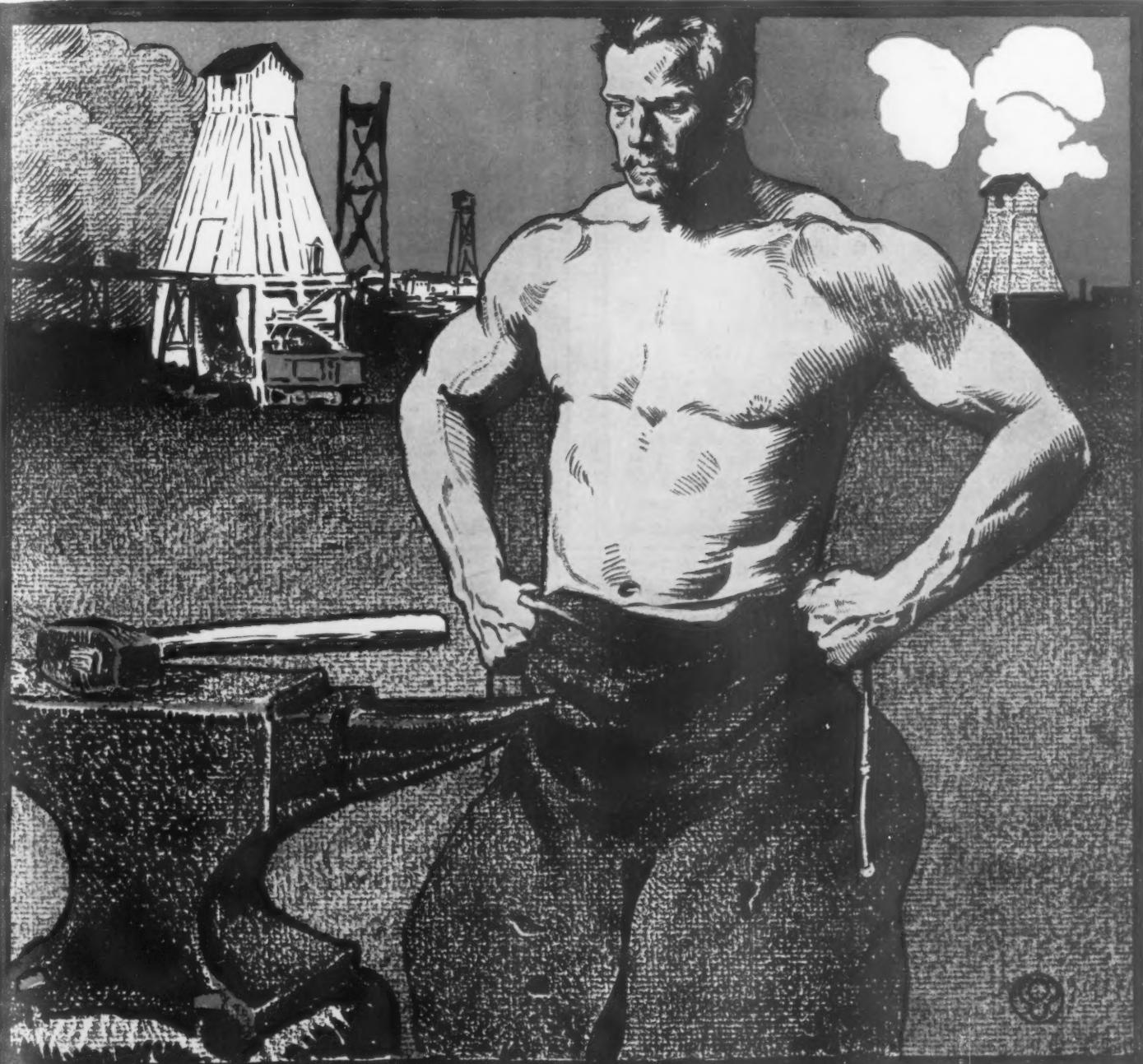
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COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



The Great Strike

By CARROLL D. WRIGHT

United States Commissioner of Labor

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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The WEEK

CARROLL D. WRIGHT, THE UNITED STATES Commissioner of Labor, presents in another column a fine article on strikes and their remedies. Mr. Wright calls these struggles between workingmen and their employers a great national calamity, and those who know how widespread may be the evil consequences of a strike in which a relatively small number of men are engaged will agree that his description is not exaggerated. The innocent suffer equally with the guilty, and business and individuals remote from the scene of strife feel the pinch in one way or another. Mr. Wright proposes the remedy of "trade boards," bodies guaranteed to consider differences before they have become acute. As he says, conciliation is needed more than arbitrating, the prevention of strikes rather than the adjustment of difficulties after a great industry has been thrown out of joint, thousands of men deprived of the rewards of labor, and the peace of the country placed in jeopardy. Perhaps American manufacturers will be indisposed to think highly of an English example, for they assert that one of the causes leading to the reduction of English manufactures from their dominant position is the gradual yielding to the unreasonable demands of the trades-unions. And Mr. Wright's remedy would not avert the present disturbance in the steel trades, which springs from a demand of the union to have the "union scale" signed for non-union mills. But there will be no difference of opinion as to the main points of the article—the grave burden inflicted on the community by strikes and the necessity of providing means for preventing them.

THE CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS LAST WEEK attracted to London a great array of distinguished medical men from all parts of the world. In opening the Congress, Lord Lister declared that from the investigations of Koch and Pasteur there rose a "splendid prospect of prevention." Dr. Robert Koch, who was received with the homage due his splendid achievements and lofty character, announced the important discovery that tuberculosis was incommunicable from men to beasts; he felt sure it was equally incommunicable from beasts to men. He, like Lord Lister, was disposed to look to the future with cheerful eyes. He believed the ultimate stamping out of tuberculosis was possible. Man of sense as well as a man of science, he put aside the thought of isolating consumptives in sanatoriums, but he urged the establishment of special hospitals, obligatory notification of the authorities, disinfection of quarters formerly occupied by consumptives, and diffusion among the people of information as to the true nature of the disease—in short, advocated a more stringent enforcement of the preventive measures that are now somewhat loosely carried out by municipal health officers. Dr. Koch especially complimented the chief of the bacteriologists of the New York Health Department, but when Dr. Biggs' superior, the Tammany Commissioner of Health, was approached for his views on the address, he asked innocently, "Who is this man Koch?" When told, he said, "Well, I don't know anything about him," adding, somewhat disparagingly, "I see he comes from Berlin."

THE RAINS REPORTED LAST WEEK IN THE southwestern States brought relief but did not break the drought. They were followed by a period of intense heat, during which the mercury rose in some places to the appalling height of 106 and 108 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. It is impossible to say with any degree of certainty to what extent the corn crop has been injured. That there has been damage, and in some places great damage, there can be no doubt. But it must be remembered that during most seasons the sources of information are in a measure in control of speculators. First reports of these calamities are almost invariably exaggerated. "Total loss" means great damage, "great damage" means damage, and "damage" means no damage at all. Reading by this code, the public can translate the frantic stories from the West to their own satisfaction. Not until we hear from the farmers shall we know the extent of the injury wrought by weeks of dry heat.

IN THIS CONNECTION, IT IS CURIOUS TO FIND A well-informed New York newspaper expressing surprise that excitement should be caused by "damage to what has generally been considered a minor crop." If corn is a minor, what are our major crops? It is in fact the most important of all our farm products. Its value is twice as great as that of wheat and considerably more than the value of wheat and oats

together. Its bulk makes it one of the principal articles of freight on the railway systems of the Middle West and the Southwest. A failure or even a part failure of the corn crop means deprivation to many thousands of persons and great loss to railways, cattle-growers and merchants. In fact, such a blasting of the crop as was reported by excited correspondents last week would be a national disaster compared with which strikes and bank failures are of small importance. The States that have suffered most severely, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, were expected to raise between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 bushels. It remains to be seen how much of this has been saved by the showers. The average yield of the United States is about 2,000,000,000 bushels. The crop undoubtedly will fall below that estimate. If it falls as low as 1,500,000,000 the difference will mean more to this country than appears to the newspaper that jauntily calls corn "a minor crop."

LAST THURSDAY THE PRESIDENT, ACTING ON THE representations of Governor Allen of Porto Rico, declared free trade between that island and the United States. The step has met with approval as general as the disapproval manifested at the time the tariff was announced. No act of the Administration excited more adverse comment among Mr. McKinley's friends than the abandonment of what he had called his "plain duty." It must be said that the reasons assigned for his withdrawal from his first position were not satisfactory to a majority of the people. The Porto Rican tariff was a most unpopular measure, and very few persons will be sorry to see it abolished by the tardy performance of the "plain duty." Mr. Allen, whose resignation from the Governorship is now in the President's hand, is most enthusiastic about the prosperous future of the island. Business is improving, laws are enforced and the people display a commendable interest in the establishment of a free school system.

MR. MACLAY'S ABUSE OF REAR-ADMIRAL SCHLEY has served one useful purpose in bringing a painful controversy to a focus. Admiral Schley has asked for an investigation of his conduct during the Cuban campaign at the hands of "his brothers in arms," and the Secretary of the Navy has granted the request with hearty approval. The appointment of Admiral Dewey as president of the board of inquiry will be a sufficient guarantee, if any be needed, that the inquiry will be thorough and fair. So far as we know, the victor of Manila has not been involved in the intrigues and enmities that have disturbed the navy since Schley and Sampson began their feud. Admiral Schley's action gives as great satisfaction to his friends as to his enemies. It is surprising that he was not advised to take this step months ago, for with all respect for his reputation and standing, it must be said that the thought of a high officer of our navy resting under explicit, circumstantial and apparently authorized charges of cowardice, has seemed intolerable to the American public. Now the truth will be known, and we may hope it will silence the irritated partisans of both admirals. Mr. Maclay ought to be happy. If he is not a great historian himself, he is the cause of history. He is said to be descended from that stormy Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania whose diary tore the reputations of the greatest of the revolutionary statesmen into shreds. If ever a man honestly inherited a style, Mr. Maclay inherited his from his savage great-grandfather. In connection with the Maclay book, we must make haste to exonerate the superintendent and professors of the Naval Academy from the intimation expressed last week that they had recommended the notorious third volume as a text book. Superintendent Wainwright has denied this in a letter to Secretary Long.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IS REPORTED TO HAVE ordered that dismounted officers hereafter shall carry carbines instead of swords. The order is a reflection of one of the numerous minor changes arising from the experiences of the British army in South Africa. Almost from the beginning it was found that the loss of officers was much larger proportionately than the losses among the rank and file, and this was true even after the lesson had been pounded into the heads of the dull young heroes that leadership in battle is not merely exposure to the enemy's bullets. The officers persisted in decorating themselves with marks of their rank, and the Boer sharpshooters found bright hat ribbons and colored sleeve bands excellent targets for the Mausers. Eventually the demands of self-preservation and a tardy accession of common-sense abolished this expensive finery; subalterns renounced their ribbons, daubed themselves with veldt mud, laid aside their swords and generally sought to make themselves as inconspicuous as the despised Tommies whom they commanded. So the War Office order merely makes a law of what has been for many months a practice of the fighting men under Lord Kitchener. The gunsmith has so far triumphed over his rival

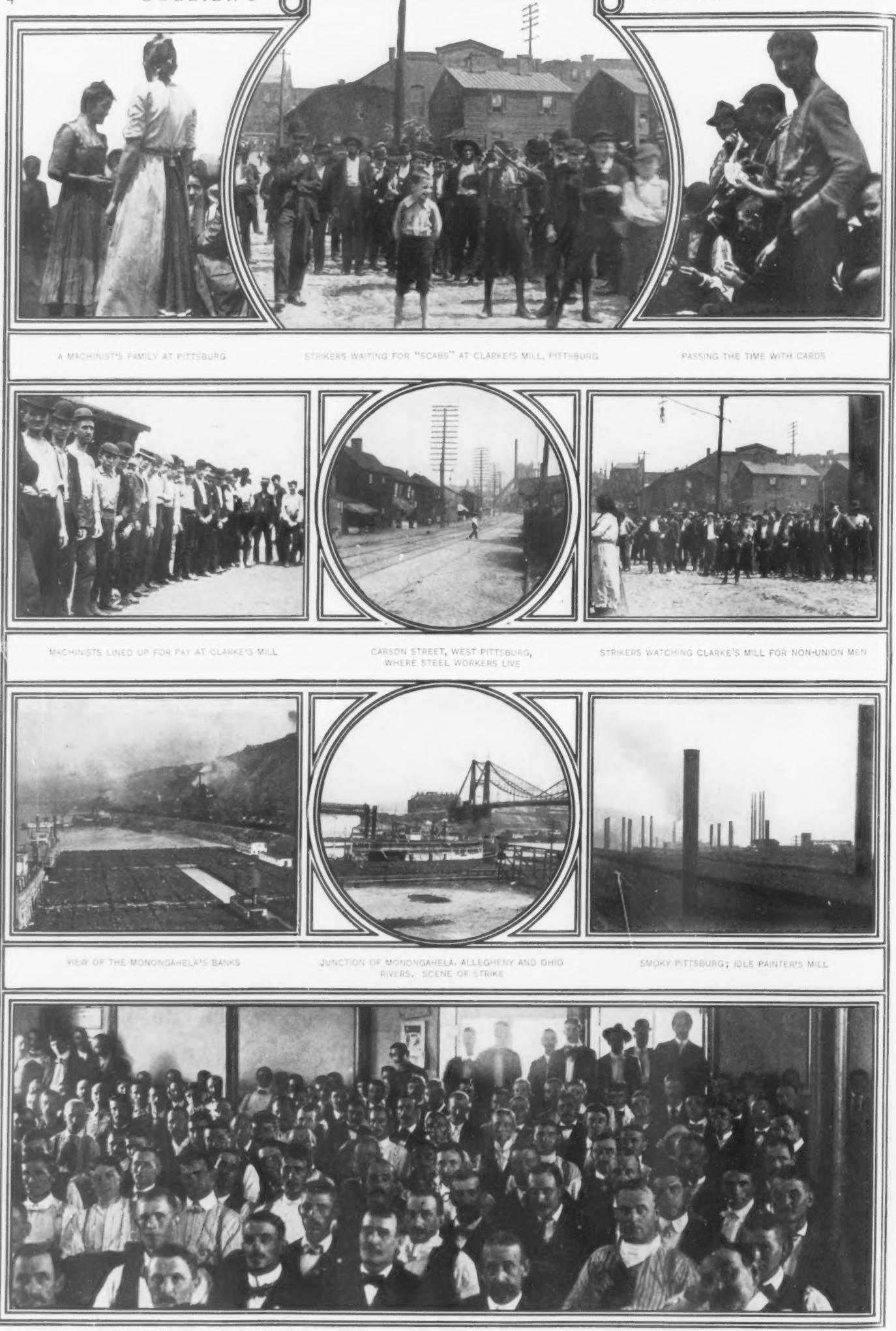
the swordsmith that the sword has become scarcely less useless in battle than the feathers and gold lace with which the warrior of the past was wont to trick himself out. Its exclusion marks another step in the degradation of war from a highly poetic pursuit to a mere butcher's business. The picture of the modern Bayard or Dunois, swordless, featherless, dressed in khaki and daubed with mud, leading his men in a charge which consists in crawling on their stomachs up a hill against an unseen enemy, is not likely to fire the imaginations of our youth.

"BROOKLYN BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN" WOULD be a more thrilling song than the original, for there is much more of Brooklyn Bridge and it has ever so much further to fall. The excited imaginations of the people of Greater New York took hold of a comparatively trivial accident to their great bridge and were ready to believe that those who attempted to cross it were liable to involuntary imitations of the exploits of the late lamented Stephen Brodie, Esq. Excessive heat caused the snapping of twelve supporting rods and the main span "sagged" eight or ten inches. The danger was not as great as it appeared, and there is no likelihood that the structure will soon abandon its civilizing function of providing Brooklyn people with means of leaving New York at night.

AT THE DEDICATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE at Litchfield as a museum, Mr. Augustin Birrell gave vent to some disquieting reflections. Boswell was hungry for literary fame; Boswell was a cunning, dissimulating Scot. What if the Johnson we know were not the real Johnson, but a Johnson created by the imagination of the babbling sot—Boswell's Johnson in fact as well as in name? This would indeed be a precious revenge for the Doctor's remark that his gossip only escaped tame by not being alive when the *Dunciad* was written. Mr. Birrell made haste to disavow belief in the dreadful theory, and, fortunately, we have the testimony of Mr. Thrale and other contemporaries to reassure us. Besides, we are confident that the peacock Boswell could never have held a secret so momentous. Recall how he gabbled and how he called the printers' boys out to see him in his court dress, and then think, if you can, of the jackanapes plotting a great literary hoax, who was the victim himself of hoaxes innumerable. Still the careless arrow rankles. The suggestion may furnish excitement for the industrious persons who are reviving the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy for the torment of the world. Perhaps Boswell wrote "Rasselas" and the dictionary! We wish we could believe it.

THE LONDON "SPECTATOR," ALWAYS TENDER of the susceptibilities of Americans, thinks the reason there are more deaths from sunstroke in New York than in the hottest cities of Asia may be that the atmosphere possesses "a peculiarity which produces in better weather such a sense of exhilaration." This is a pleasing view, but until we learn more accurately what the subtle peculiarity may be, we shall stick to the belief that the reason is to be found in nothing more extraordinary than the enforced activity of residents of industrial centres in infrequent periods of great heat. The Asiatic and the Englishman in Asia is accustomed to the heat and he "takes life easy." Our people go forward briskly with the business of life through a "hot spell" for which they are unprepared, and prostrations are inevitable. Deaths by sunstroke are not often reported from the colonies of summer idlers on the sea-shore or the Wisconsin lakes, although the temperature rises as high in these places as in New York or Chicago. If the "Spectator's" philosopher had looked for his argument in the "peculiarity" of people, not of atmosphere, "that in better weather produces a sense of exhilaration," he would have hit the nail on the head.

THE GAYETY OF NEWPORT WAS DISTURBED LAST week by a shell from the military top of the *Kearsarge*. It broke on a corner of the City Hall and fragments flew for blocks around. The first fear, that was had broken out with England and Uncle Sam had begun a bombardment of one of the most important of the King's colonies, was soon quieted. A careless landsman on the battleship had been fooling with a gun. But the incident shook Newport's nerves. Indeed, the serenity of life in that fashionable colony has been much marred this season. Death-dealing automobiles, runaway horses, capsizing yachts, careless target practice at the forts, and this exploit of the green landsman have kept the leaders of society in a state of suspense as keen as that of the ladies not at Newport who have to see that the baby doesn't fall from the fire-escape. This is not to speak of the assaults on social order involved in the bold seizure of a social leader's dinner nights. This is a matter we do not dare to discuss. It belongs to the field of high diplomacy.



IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GREAT STRIKES

WRIGHT 1901 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

STRIKES, A GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY

By CARROLL D. WRIGHT, United States Commissioner of Labor



THE MORAL PRINCIPLE lying back of industrial conciliation and arbitration is one which should be recognized at the outset. It is not new, nor does it contain any revolutionary elements. The prophet Isaiah, a citizen of Jerusalem, and a man who was considered by his neighbors, became alarmed at what he thought an impending national calamity. He therefore undertook to point out to the citizens of Jerusalem their particular sins of omission and commission, the wrongs which had been done, and to prophesy to them the results of their actions. When he had made a strong arraignment he said: "Come, now, and let us reason together." This was about 750 years before Christ. The great prophet knew that by reasoning together people could come to see more clearly than by any other method the real dangers which confronted them. There would be a comparison of views, a free discussion of suggestions relating to remedies, and out of the reasoning together Isaiah hoped to bring better conditions.

This is the crucial point of conciliation, and the experience of some European countries that have had the best results has been along the very line laid down by Isaiah, and has led to the most peaceful and satisfactory conditions so far as the relations of employer and employee are concerned. They have reasoned together, and thus by reasoning have conciliated each other, and so avoided an open issue and hence the necessity for any arbitration. Arbitration can take no place when conciliation is successful, and conciliation should be the very first resort of all disputants, whether in industrial or other affairs. Failing this moral method, a board of arbitration then becomes a reasonable resort.

The application of the old Biblical doctrine of reasoning together in industrial matters was first applied in France. Besides, it may be said that industrial conciliation and arbitration were recognized originally as methods of settling industrial disputes early in the last century in France. Trade guilds had existed in that country, and trade matters had been regulated by them, instances of such regulation running back to the Middle Ages. The guilds were abolished, however, during the reign of Louis XVI.

DISASTER WROUGHT BY INDUSTRIAL WARS

The manufacturers and workmen of England long ago recognized the disastrous results of industrial wars and their futility, and they set themselves to originate ways to avoid, if possible, trade disputes, and, if the avoidance was found impossible, to try some method of arbitrating and settling them in peaceful ways. They grew tired after many years of the destructive methods that had been in vogue; that is, great strikes lasting for many weeks, long-contested contests between capital and labor, resulting in great loss and suffering. They were tired, too, of jealousies and vindictiveness, and from 1860 on, and even beginning at an earlier date, the doctrines of conciliation and arbitration have been taking deep root, until at present there are very few trades, and hardly a trade centre in England, which has not its boards and committees organized to bring quiet and contentment, or at least to reduce the discontent, to both masters and men. And these efforts are independent of law.

In addition to the legislation just referred to, England in 1837 amended her act of 1824, which provided for compulsory arbitration, making resort to the boards somewhat voluntary, but where an agreement could not be reached reference was made to the appointing magistrate; that is, the magistrate appointing the board. In 1867 another measure, known as the "Councils of Conciliation Act," was passed, by which it was meant to extend voluntary arbitration, provided that any number of employers and workmen in a particular trade might agree to create a council of conciliation or arbitration, but when created it should be licensed by the government to exercise all the powers permitted by the compulsory act of 1824. In 1872 the Masters and Workmen Arbitration Act was passed. This provided for an option to both parties between a board, a council, and standing arbitrators. The latest act is that of 1896, which repeals the acts of 1824, 1867, and 1872. This latest statute is entitled "An Act to make better Provision for the Prevention and Settlement of Trade Disputes." It provides for the registration by the Board of Trade of any board established for the purpose of settling disputes between employers and workmen, and contains provisions regarding the settlement of such disputes, boards under it may inquire into the causes and circumstances of the difference, may take steps for the purpose of enabling the parties to the difference to meet together, by themselves or their representatives, and on the application of employers or workmen may appoint a person or persons to act as conciliator or as a board of conciliation. Such boards may also, on the application of both parties, appoint an arbitrator.

FIRST EFFORTS FOR VOLUNTARY AGREEMENTS

It was late in the year 1860 when, mainly through the efforts of Mr. A. J. Mundella, the first permanent or continuing board of arbitration and conciliation in England was established. This was in the hosiery and glove trade at Nottingham. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Mundella's board, or, rather, the board organized by his efforts, and at the same time the peculiar characteristics of arbitration since 1860, lies in the fact that it is systematic conciliation and

arbitration organized on a purely voluntary basis, without an appeal to legal processes, even to enforce its decisions. Its novelty, therefore, is not that it is systematic, for the French Conseils des Prud'hommes were that, but that it is both systematic and voluntary, and the French boards were not.

I need not spend time in showing the difference between conciliation and arbitration, beyond this: Arbitration is a generic word, and the one more common and popularly used in referring to the settlement of disputes. Arbitration must be carried on in a formal manner; it deals with the larger questions of trade. Conciliation is not formal. It does not attempt to sit in judgment and decide in a given case what is right and what is wrong, but its efforts are directed in a friendly spirit to the adjustment of differences by inducing the parties to themselves agree. Each party says to the other, "Come, let us reason together," and conciliation removes causes of dissensions and prevents differences from becoming disputes by establishing a cordial feeling between those who may be parties to the same. Briefly, then, it may be said that conciliation is informal arbitration, and that arbitration, on the other hand, is formal; it sits in judgment.

It is the preventive feature which gives conciliation a value beyond estimation. It involves the moral attitude of the two parties, or, rather, the ability of each morally to consider the attitude of the other. Probably the very essence of its efficiency lies in the fact that arbitration is back of it, or, at least, that arbitration may be resorted to provided conciliation fails to effect its purpose, because, ultimately, where parties cannot reason together there must be the power to determine, and where that power is voluntarily given to the representatives of each party involved it becomes arbitration, and arbitration can accomplish at certain points in the dispute what conciliation is powerless to bring about.

UGLY CONDITIONS AND THEIR REMEDY

Reasoning along these lines, the Nottingham system of arbitration and conciliation, the first great systematic effort, becomes historic. Mr. Mundella was connected with the hosiery and glove trade, which is one of the most localized in Great Britain, being carried on only in the immediate vicinity of Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire. Here, then, was a concentration of one class of skilled labor, and concentration naturally and logically leading to union. Prior to 1860 the relations between the employers and the employees in these trades were about as uncomfortable and even ugly as could well be imagined. Finally, after various conferences, the Board of Arbitration in the Glove and Hosiery Trade, as the first permanent board, was established. With simple rules and the adhesion of both employers and employees, the results have been not only interesting but fairly satisfactory, and the experience in that trade led others to follow its example. The building trades of Wolverhampton, the iron and coal trades, the engineers (machinists), the miners, the boot and shoe trade, the boilermakers, the iron and steel workers, the Nottingham lace trade, the cotton trade, the dyeing industry, the brass-workers, and many others, have, in their various experiences in the utilization of voluntary boards, positively emphasized their great value in preventing or settling labor difficulties. Immense sums have been saved and a vast amount of trouble avoided. The testimony of employers and employees, while not absolutely unanimous, is nearly so in favor of this method.

Perhaps the greatest federation in all England is that for the Colliery Proprietors and the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. Since the coal strike in 1895 the joint board has worked harmoniously without any trade conflict worthy of note. In many of the English trades there are boards of conciliation, and disputes are prevented in the aggregate hourly. The principle has permeated and extended to all branches of trade. The moral effect has been to give the officials of the trade-union more power over their members. This has been used in the interest of sobriety, and also to steady the ardent or injudicious spirits who sometimes act more from feeling than from a logical consideration of grievances, or grievances too insignificant to go to war on. This power is transmitted from the fact that the employers act in a concentrated way through an association, whereas formerly they had no such association and much guerrilla warfare was the consequence. The men have gained by voluntary arbitration, and are everywhere strong supporters of it, being wise enough to see its advantages to their welfare.

CONTINENTAL EUROPE CONSERVATIVE IN ADOPTING INNOVATIONS

On the Continent of Europe the experiences have not been so extensive as in Great Britain, yet they have been sufficient to testify to the moral excellence of trade conciliation and arbitration independent of governmental action. In Germany, as well as in Austria, the inspectors of factories occupy a very prominent position in the industrial world, and they are peculiarly fitted to exercise a conciliatory influence upon both employers and employed. This influence they frequently exercise in the capacity of mediators, and their activity in this direction might even be more beneficial could they but overcome the distrust with which they are sometimes regarded by the working people. One remarkable instance of mediation was the intervention of the Emperor on the occasion of the Westphalian strike of 1889. Such intervention, of course, necessarily differs from the mediation of the private individual, in that it is impossible entirely to divest the action of the head of the state of a somewhat compulsory character. It cannot be doubted, however, that the Emperor's expressions of opinion contributed largely to the speedy termination of the strike. Efforts have been made from time to time in Germany to organize voluntary boards of arbitration and conciliation in the different industries, but except in the printing trade little has been achieved in this direction. The spirit, however, of the trade

board is spreading in Germany, and the experience of different countries is contributing to the dissemination of its principles.

Switzerland, a country that is always trying social and economic experiments, has had some experience in the beneficial results of private boards. One important organization is the Swiss Reserve Fund. Whenever a strike is impending this institution conducts a thorough inquiry into all the circumstances of the case and makes every effort to obtain a settlement. This it does either by negotiations with the employers or through arbitration, and no strike receives its sanction until these means have proved unavailing. The association of employers and employed for the promotion of a common object, which was suggested some years ago by Herr Krebs, proved an excellent means of encouraging good relations and closer communication between capital and labor. Boards of conciliation and arbitration have been instituted in connection with many of the trade-unions, and in some of the Cantons they have been established and supported by the Cantonal governments. The Tribunals of Industrial Arbitration, which were instituted at Geneva in 1874, consisted of a justice of the peace as president and two arbitrators elected respectively by the employer and the employee. These arbitrators, however, acted from political motives, and hence the boards proved a failure. They were abolished in 1883 in order to establish Conseils des Prud'hommes on the French pattern. Trade boards do not seem to have accomplished much yet in Switzerland, but they are spreading there, and as industry expands the necessity for their existence will be more thoroughly felt.

"SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK"

Denmark, during the summer of 1899, witnessed one of the sharpest labor wars of the century. There were no great riots or other disturbances, but as the result of a strike of a few carpenters in Jutland, who refused to observe certain regulations prescribed by their employers, a very large majority of all the manufacturers in Denmark combined to crush organized labor. The employers, through their new union, ordered a lockout, by which fifty thousand or more men were shut out of the factories. The lockout lasted through the spring and summer of 1899, but the opposing forces finally reasoned out their difficulties. So far as the workers themselves were concerned, their victory consisted in the fact that the board of arbitration which was agreed upon decided to refer the whole trouble back to the insignificant difficulty of the carpenters' strike at Jutland. So far as the employers were concerned, their victory consisted in the fact that they discovered that their own interests were better enhanced by arranging with the representatives of organized labor through the representatives of organized capital. The workmen's central union accepted the services of a board of arbitration. The employers' union insisted upon the points they had proposed, and the struggle continued until September. The final settlement was, of course, a compromise, the employers giving up the idea of crushing the labor organizations and modifying most of their demands, and the workmen recognizing some of the important points advanced by the employers. It was provided in the settlement that no boycott should take place on either side following the signing of the agreement, and that all agreements when made should be respected and obeyed by all the organizations represented. The result was peace and prosperity. Mechanics and laborers of all classes returned to their tasks, and a better feeling prevailed between the employed and employers, for each discovered the inherent strength of the other, resulting in mutual respect.

I need not refer to Italy, except to say that institutions for the settlement of disputes between labor and capital hardly exist in that country. There have been some efforts toward establishing trade boards in some parts of Italy, and the Labor Chambers sometimes assume the positions of arbitrators in disputes pending between masters and operatives.

In France the experience is more enlivening, and more to the point, perhaps, because in France the parent idea was born in the constitution of the Conseils des Prud'hommes; but there are now in some trades joint boards of arbitration similar to those which I have designated as existing in England. It is the older associations existing in France which show the greatest anxiety to improve the position of workers by pacific measures. The federation of workers in the book trade is a striking example of this spirit, wherein agreements are made for the settlement of difficulties, and influence exerted to bring the two forces together on mutual understanding and with moral obligations. They have central committees, and every strike declared without authorization of it must be at the cost of the sectional committee.

SIGNAL SUCCESS OF ARBITRATION IN FRANCE

Perhaps the most impressive experience under this peaceful and private method took place in the coal trade. During the years 1899 and 1900 two of the most important strikes of the period were settled by recourse to voluntary arbitration. They are both of them notable examples of voluntary arbitration in France. The first strike was that of the employes of the famous iron works of M. Schneider at Creusot—the Krupp of France. The strike started September 20, 1899, and included all the workingmen of the establishment. The next day it extended to the coal mines of Montchanin belonging to the company, and the number of strikers was thus raised to over ten thousand. The demands of the men were recognition of the union, better fulfillment of previous engagements regarding wages, and more consideration on the part of foremen and overseers. One of the great difficulties in a settlement was the unwillingness of the company to receive the secretary of the trade-union, who was not a member of the company's force.

The first part of October the men appealed to the government to arbitrate. The company likewise solicited the mediation of the government. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Prime



THE SHAFT AND BLOWER AT COAL MINE, WILKESBARRE, PA.

ENGINEER AND SUPERINTENDENT MAKING ROUND OF INSPECTION AT WILKES-BARRE

THE BREAKERS OF THE LARGEST MINE IN WILKESBARRE



OUR CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWS A MINER



READY TO DESCEND THE SHAFT



MINERS' AND OPERATIVES' HOUSES AT WILKESBARRE



THE CRADLE OF THE STEEL STRIKES AT PITTSBURG



A STRIKER'S FAMILY POSING FOR OUR PHOTOGRAPHER



SUNDAY MORNING—RETURNING FROM CHURCH



PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

ONE OF THE LARGEST COLLIERIES AT WILKESBARRE

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE GREAT STRIKES

Worker accepted the task, and made his decision October 7 in formal document, in which the reasons for each point decided were given. This decision was accepted and the miners returned to work.

The second strike was the general one of the coal miners in the Basin of the Loire during the winter of 1899-1900. The causes for the strike date back to the fall of 1898, when the Federation of Miners' Unions of the Department of the Loire made a formal demand in writing of the mine owners for an increase in wages, basing their demand on the rise in the price of coal and consequent augmentation of profits. The demand was refused on the ground that as wages had been reduced when the price of coal declined they should also be increased when the contrary movement took place, and also that the owners were under heavier burdens on account of the new compulsory compensation act. The miners were not satisfied and began to prepare for a general strike. Nothing, however, was done until December, 1899, when the demand, coupled with others, was renewed and a general strike threatened. The company offered an increase in wages, but not equal to that demanded. The strike began December 26. It soon became general, and affected a large number of mines and thousands of employees.

December 28 the miners' union wrote to the Prefect of the Department proposing arbitration, each side to appoint an arbitrator, and if they could not agree, for them to select a third independent person. This was accepted by the mine owners. M. Jaures, the socialist leader, was summoned from Paris to represent the men, and M. Gruner, the secretary of the general coal miners' association, was appointed to represent the operators. It is exceedingly interesting that these two men, representing in the most extreme way labor and capital respectively, should be able to come to an agreement without the intervention of a third party, and that their demands should be acquiesced in by both parties. This, however, was the case, the decision being made January 6, 1900. The decision was that it was just that the miners should profit to some extent in the increased prosperity enjoyed by the mine owners, and that consequently wages should be increased nine per cent, provided that in no case should the increase be less than thirty nor more than fifty centimes (six to ten cents) per day. The two parties mutually agreed to keep this contract until June 30, 1901, at which date an arbitration tribunal similar to the one sitting could be demanded by either party to determine what future wages should be. A few special provisions were also made regarding wages in particular mines.

FIRST ARBITRATION EXPERIMENTS IN THIS COUNTRY

In this country there are several industries that have had experiences similar to those related for Great Britain and the Continent, although not so extensive. The boot and shoe trade, the building trades, the foundry business, coal mining, and some other trades, have had magnificent results growing out of their adoption of the voluntary method of settling difficulties. Perhaps the most extensive in this line is the recent organization of labor and capital separately in Illinois. Under

the adjustments in that State private boards are settling difficulties, and now the publishers of the country have agreed with the Typographical Union for the adjustment of grievances. The shoe trade has had, perhaps, a more varied experience, or rather has tried more separate methods of avoiding troubles, than any other. There are to be found in it shop agents, private boards, committees, and various methods of preventing difficulties through conciliatory efforts. So hundreds and thousands of difficulties have been prevented in this country during the last eight or ten years of which the world has heard nothing. The experience here, as already stated, is not so extensive as that abroad, but it has been sufficient to convince many people that each trade can settle its own troubles with much more satisfactory results than can be done by outside parties.

The system of voluntary conciliation and arbitration, as carried on by private agreement, is elastic and applicable to all conditions. It can be used under the most elaborate or under the simplest rules. It can be proceeded with either with or without an umpire or referee, and proves satisfactory when the only provision is that the two sides shall meet and attempt to settle the difficulty before an appeal to harsher methods. It can succeed whether the questions to be decided are difficult and intricate or plain and simple. Contact on the boards established has fostered respect and good feeling.

EMPLOYERS FORMERLY HELD THEMSELVES aloof

The employers, years ago, before the establishment of such boards, by holding themselves aloof created the impression that they were the dominant, the men the servant, factor in the trades. They have now lost in large measure their autocratic characteristic, and they meet the men on an equality in a friendly, conciliatory way. Brought together as they have been, face to face, in the meetings, both sides have learned to see things in a clearer light; and, too, false pride and obstinacy, always barriers to amicable understanding, have been broken down. Open discussion about a common table has shown points of view either on one side or the other not before thought of by the opposition, and very naturally a far better understanding, on the whole, exists to-day than ever before between employers and employed wherever the voluntary boards are at work, which must make for peace and happiness and be the basis for all negotiations between capital and labor. Such a condition cannot be obtained by government boards, where parties are brought before it in such a way as to leave an impression that they are litigants, the result often being to feed anew the fires which grow from the temper that originated the dispute. The private boards serve to allay all such feeling and to bring about a neighborly and harmonious condition. To create and continue this good feeling care must be taken by the associations to elect as their representatives, not radicals, but men of strong common-sense and honesty of purpose, employers fair enough to see the justice in the case presented by the men, and representatives of the men who have courage to accept a decrease when the situation demands it. In a word, extremists must be ex-

cluded and those alone chosen who seek the truth, and, once finding it, are willing to stand fast to the agreement and urge its adoption by their association; and yet in the settlement of the coal strike in France just described the whole difficulty was referred to two men, one representing the most extreme side of the socialists and the other the most conservative side of the employers, but they were men of sense and judgment and easily came to a conclusion.

If men and employers meet in all fairness and kindness, and are careful to arrange for co-operation and mutual good, many of the differences can be and are constantly settled without hostilities of any kind. The best feeling exists, and disturbances have been few where the men are treated with proper courtesy and frank interest; for the suspicion with which years ago the opposing sides viewed each other has in large measure disappeared in Great Britain in those trades where the principle of voluntary conciliation and arbitration has been longest recognized.

ARBITRATION ENDS USELESS AND DISASTROUS LABOR WARS

Under arbitration as conducted in the early days the men were unable to get the facts with which to meet the masters' statements. In such arbitrations each side came to prove its case, and the men usually failed for lack of data. This was particularly the case in the potteries trade, where the poor success or failure of the men in arbitrations caused so great dissatisfaction that the board was dissolved. The men felt they had not been given a fair hearing and could never succeed under existing conditions. While they might and perhaps did agree to the award of the umpire, it was a sullen and not a cheerful acquiescence. Where formerly it was almost impossible for the men to know the facts concerning the state of the trade and the prices of raw material and the finished product, the desired information is now procured by the aid of audits by trained accountants. The testimony of some manufacturers is to the effect that the knowledge so acquired has satisfied the men as nothing else could, and the confidence thus given has not been violated. This has been true in those instances in this country where employers have been willing to state to their men the exact conditions concerning the production of their goods, and when the knowledge so obtained showed that the men misunderstood the conditions they have withdrawn their rules.

Personally, I have always been in favor of boards of arbitration of any kind. Any board that will aid in bringing about conciliatory efforts, and, failing in them, rational and discreet arbitration, has appealed to me as a method to be desired, not as a solution of the great labor struggle but as a help of vast importance, and I still feel that the existence of a board of conciliation and arbitration established by States, to which resort can be had voluntarily, has a balancing effect morally in the community. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to declare that the real results to be reached by conciliation and arbitration can be secured far more effectively and in a far more acceptable manner through the trade board as it exists to-day in nearly all the industries of England and in many in this country than by any other means.

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE



THE STRIKE OF THE STEEL WORKERS

By GILSON WILLETS, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

SEVENTY-SIX THOUSAND men on strike, but not a head broken. An army in idleness, but no more clubbing than usual by the police in the district of iron, steel, and tin. Pittsburgh, McKeesport, Wellsville—a score of other cities in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana—have the appearance of a holiday with stores wide open. Gayety rather than somber pervades the crowds. Everybody is out in Sunday clothes. On Pittsburg street corners, groups of men seem not on holding up the walls of buildings. But where is the rest mass of the strikers?

Take one of the numerous excursion boats—now crowded with strikers and their families—and sailing up the Monongahela you will find the shores dotted with white tents. Men fishing, bathing, romping, men in hammocks, men just having a first-class lark. Some are bachelor camps, some are family affairs. These are the strikers. Camps at McKeesport, camps at Glassport, at Confluence, at Monongahela City—Camp Victory, Camp Resolute, camp this and camp that. Not a man but is glad to be idle, glad to fish and swim, glad to be far away from boiler and furnace and padding oven.

What lies beneath this holiday strike, this fishing and camping, these high jinks on river-banks? Answer, the Strike

Fund. It should be emphasized, to the credit of the men, that strike benefits are not paid in July or August. For months beforehand, therefore, the men were warned of the coming of this time, and by circular letters, in district meetings and at conventions were advised to save their money. So their savings will carry them—that is, about half of them—through August, and on Labor Day "benefit" money will begin.

Whence comes this Strike Fund? Though benefits are not paid in summer, yet the men who have not been called out must contribute ten per cent of their earnings, regardless of month or season.

We climbed up on the cliffs on the south side of the saffron stream called Monongahela, overlooking that antipodes of earth's garden spot—Pittsburg. Smoke could be seen belching from a hundred chimneys, shrouding the city. On the cliffs the toilers have made brave attempts to sleep, at least, high and dry above the sink that is ever damp with sweat of brow. Up here, where there are clumps of trees and bits of grass, they have bought homes—so much a month in lieu of rent, to the building loan company. On the exterior of any one of these four-room cottages you could, with your finger, produce the handwriting on the wall. For the smoke

is merciless, and even up here you sit on the grass at the peril of smut-stained clothing.

THE TERROR OF STRIKE TIME

The one great terror in the souls of the leaders of the strike is that the men cannot be kept "out," that they will not stick together, that they will ignore the slogan: In union there is power. What if the union men take advantage of the opportunity offered by leisure to scrape acquaintance with the men of the Carnegie plants, non-union since the year of the Homestead strike? What if the union men look too closely at the prosperity of the Carnegie men, many of whom own their homes and have no grievances; and, above all, no fees to pay for membership in a union, no assessments draining their savings to swell a Strike Fund? These are the thoughts that make the cold chills run down the backs of the generals of the labor army at the seat of war.

No soul so suspicious as the workman on strike. The manager of one of the hoop mills announced that the striking hands would be paid off on a certain day, and requested the men to come in twos and threes, to avoid trouble. When the pay day arrived, the men marched to the works in a body,

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ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS FOGARTY

HE DINED IN SOMETHING OF A TRANCE

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By GEORGE HIBBARD, Author of "The Governor, and other Stories," Etc., Etc.



HERE WAS ONCE A MAN who was of a mind to try a fall with Fate. There were many motives that influenced him to undertake the adventure—some of them slight enough. Still it is by no means certain that it was not the lesser quite as much as the more weighty that impelled him to the attempt. Indeed, we cannot always be sure that in the very greatest minds—even in our own—a conclusion is invariably reached because solid sense and perfect logic point in that particular direction. And James Murchison did not have an exceptional mind, nor was he in any way an extraordinary man; which fact alone makes him important—or rather interesting; or perhaps it should be said significant—or, for that matter, typical.

As Murchison looked back over what he was pleased to call his career, it seemed to him that all that had ever happened to him had been the result of some extraneous and irresistible force. Sometimes he left as if he had been compressed into a mold by circumstance; sometimes buffeted from pillar to post by a series of fortuitous accidents. He had never done anything himself—the conditions had always been such that he had been so hemmed about that he had always passed on, as he now angrily told himself, like an animal from one pen to another.

He would not suffer it any more. At last he was tired of being so weakly subservient. He had been rebellious in spirit for a long time, but the situation as it had presented itself in the afternoon had been too much, and he was determined to be rebellious in fact. He had felt instinctively, without formulating any opinion, that the crisis had come and that he would no longer be "plaything of Destiny," as he had called himself. At least, in a flash, that was the way he thought that he should think later when he had the time to think.

It had all happened very unexpectedly, and Captain Robert Armin was almost the last person likely to be in his mind. There had been nothing in all these years to cause Murchison to remember him, and he was never more surprised in his life than he had been when, looking up from his book-keeping, he had seen Armin before his desk. The man appeared older, and there was a marked expression of distress upon his face, but Murchison had recognized him at once.

"Ah—how do you do?" he had stammered, inadequately considering that the two men had not met for years. "How are you?" replied Armin abruptly, quite as if he had seen the other the day before. "I say, Jim," he continued hurriedly, "I want to speak to you. Yes, glad to see you after all this time. You're looking well, but can you give me a few moments?"

"Certainly," answered Murchison, slipping down from his stool. "Here—we can go here," and he led the other to a corner where there were benches and where in the great room they were no longer within earshot of any one.

"Your wife's well?" said Armin as he sat down.

"Oh, yes—very," replied Murchison in perplexity. "Hester is in the country now. A little place where I run up and join her on Saturday. And your wife—you—you're married?" he went on tentatively.

"That's just it," said Armin, bending forward and putting his hand on the arm of the chair on which Murchison was sitting. "She isn't well, and I've got to send her to a place where she'll get better while I am away."

"You're going away?" said Murchison, mainly for the purpose of saying something.

"I'm going to China. I am to join my company at San Francisco, and I've got to start at eleven to-night to do it. I'd be with them now only I had leave to go to see my wife. You've never seen her. Here's her picture," and, drawing a small leather case from his pocket, he opened it and disclosed to Murchison the photograph of a pretty young face—only the cheeks which should manifestly have been healthily round were a little sunken and the mouth looked drawn and tired. "It was taken just before I came away. You understand, the baby's just been born, and she isn't strong and I've got to go. I can't leave if I'm not sure about her, and I can't be unless I have money. We men in the army get out of touch with business and with people who have it, and you have to lend it to me."

"It!" exclaimed Murchison, half in real surprise and half feigning an involuntary consternation.

"You were always a cautious fellow and you must have a bit of savings by this time."

"I assure you—" Murchison began.

"Well, you must have something. I shouldn't say anything about it at any other time, but this is a matter of more than my own life and death to me. You know I got you this berth here, and turn about is fair play."

After his father's failure, young Murchison had walked the streets with nothing but the clothes he wore. It was then in his wanderings it had happened, as accidentally as everything else in his life, that he had met Armin, a lieutenant just out of West Point, with all the satisfaction of his new liberty rendering him more than satisfied with all in a young man's best of best possible worlds. They had known each other as boys, and Armin had at once carried him off to lunch

with him. Readily enough, Murchison had told his story and Armin had frowned. It seemed such a derangement of things that any one should be unlucky and uncomfortable.

"You remember," he said, after he had frowned for a moment, "your college stuff?"

"Latin and Greek and all that?" replied Murchison. "Pretty well."

"Then it's all right," replied Armin, with the ready optimism of his state. "The man at whose house I dined last night wants some one to get his son, who is backward, ready for college. I'll tell him you're just the one."

As it happened, it was all right. Murchison became the tutor of the boy whose father, as it also happened, was the President of the great Transcontinental Insurance Company, and when his services were no longer needed for instructions, the President—there happening to be a vacancy—had offered him the place in the great offices of the Company. Murchison had worked ever since, advancing in position as the years advanced, for he was a very accurate mathematical machine, and marrying—for he had his moments of being a man—the sister of a fellow clerk.

And so he had drifted on without particular storm or stress, but always drifted, until that afternoon when Captain Robert Armin had appeared before him with his sudden request.

"I tell you, man, I've got to have the money," said Armin in sudden excitement. "You've got to lend it to me. Fifteen hundred dollars will do."

It was just the sum. It had taken years to save it, and the next day Murchison knew that he was going to double it—treble—quadruple it. There was the "sure thing" about which he had such reliable "inside information." And now he was asked to give it up. It was too provoking. That had been his first thought.

"You've got that, certainly?" demanded Armin.

"Yes—oh, yes, I've saved that," said Murchison wearily, and still thinking how annoying it was.

"Well, give it to me, and I swear you'll have it again within the year. I've had expenses and I've got stuck now, but I'll be all right," said Armin, rising and evidently mightily relieved.

"When can I have it?"

"Oh, any time," responded Murchison.

"Now?"

"Why, you see it's in two bonds and I shall have to sell them."

Armin was silent a moment.

"You don't know what this is to me, old man, so you don't know what you're doing for me. But I do, and I'll never forget it. I can't thank you and that's the reason I don't try, but I shan't be satisfied until I've done something for you as big as this if anything could be as big."

Murchison hardly heard him, for his mind was working slowly and steadily.

"I've got to go uptown now, but I'll come back for the money," continued the other.

"Why?" said Murchison, instinctively following his nature and delaying. "I might give it to you this evening."

"I could come to your place," exclaimed Armin joyously. "I've got a lot to do, just going off, and it would be a great help. What a man you are! How you think of everything! Where are you?"

Murchison gave him the name and address of the house where the "flat" was.

"That's just the thing. I'll stop on my way to the train. It will be early. For I can't miss it; for, money or no money, I've got to go." It's a question of honor. But it's all right now. I can go with a light heart—and a heavy pocket. The two go together, you know. Ha! ha! And God bless you, Murchison!" It was a name he had called him as a boy and Murchison had not heard it in years. "You've saved me!" and, wringing Murchison's hand, he turned away. "I shan't forget it."

Then Armin had gone, and Murchison had slowly taken his way back to his desk—thinking. It never occurred to him to desist in his daily routine.

At first he only thought how hard it was that, after years of labor and sacrifice and care, Fate should step in and flic the result of it all. Not for a moment did he have an idea that there was a chance of seeing his money again. Armin, while an honest man and a gentleman, was one of those sanguine souls who believe that all will be well, and in perfect sincerity, drawing drafts on their own expectations, are convinced that they will be honored. He meant to repay what he borrowed; he believed that he would pay it. But could he?—with his lavish nature, would there be any chance that he would do any more than always have the best intentions of paying it? With Murchison's knowledge of the man, he readily concluded that any such hope might be at once dismissed. If the money was lent he must make up his mind to consider it lost.

By this time he had concluded the work immediately to be accomplished, applied for permission to be absent for an hour, had taken his bonds from their place of safekeeping, sold them, and was back at his desk with fifteen new crisp one-hundred-dollar bills in his pocket. It was the sight, or perhaps the touch, of the bright, crackling paper of the Treasury notes that made the money, of which he had thought as a mere sum, an actual, tangible reality with him. And holding

them in his hands, it seemed the harder to part with it. He thought of all that he and his wife had gone without to obtain them, and he thought of all the retaining them meant to him and to her. Then, either suddenly or with a lagging reluctance—he could not have quite told how it happened—he found himself thinking: Why give them up at all?

For one of his nature it was a subversive thought—an revolutionary thought—an anarchical thought. Never, face to face with Armin, would he have dared to refuse his request. Indeed, the thought had never entered his mind, so ready was his inevitable acquiescence in the conditions. The situation seemed to impose upon him. Man has been so often mastered by circumstances that with every one there is a certain slavish fear of Fate; but Murchison's subjection to what he deemed the inevitable was particularly abject. Indeed, he had in his narrow life become dependent upon control, and left to himself, would hardly have known better what to do than to slave without an overseer.

That is the reason why the idea of doing anything that was clearly not the sequential thing to do came as such a shock. He was crossing a small park on his way home when he finally realized what he was thinking and had to sit down upon a bench to pull himself together. Not let Armin have the money! The idea came to him as a daring possibility, hardly to be entertained. And, after all, why not? He knew that if he saw him he could no more refuse to place the bills in his hands than he could have refused in the afternoon to let him have the money at all. But need he see him? How simple it would be! All that he should have to do would be to remain away from the flat until he was sure that Armin was no longer there. It would be so easy—so attractively easy. He knew that if he were obliged to do anything—to offer a bold affront to Fate—he could not do it—but simply to do nothing! To be sure, it would be as much a rebellion as if he actively took up arms, but refusing to appear when summoned by the royal warrant was a form of *less majesty* of which he was capable.

Money or no money, Armin must take the train at eleven o'clock. He had told him that explicitly, with a manner that admitted no doubt that he would do it. How absolutely, absurdly feasible? For Armin was going away and would not return for a long time—would probably never return.

For a moment Murchison thought of the wife who needed "change," whose life it might "save," and the pretty face of the photograph that he had seen in the afternoon returned to his memory—the pretty, thin face that evidently should be so round and smiling—and he was troubled. It was only for a moment. The sense of all the privations endured for the accumulation of the sum he had in his pocket returned to him. And the probable, the inevitable loss of it seemed unbearable. Neither did he quite escape the realization of the hell of torment that would be Armin's lot if he were obliged to depart without the means that assured him that his wife—the wife with the pinched cheeks that should so clearly be full and plump—was in comparative safety. But the realization was only a creation of the imagination, and the vivid actuality of his own troubles and his own possible loss was so much stronger that the next moment he had no thought for anything else.

All arranged itself so perfectly! Hester was not at home. If she had been there he knew that he could not have done it. Hester was romantic, as he sometimes called it—which meant that she often tested things thought or done by extreme standards that at times were in the way. She had ideals—as he had several times told her—which meant that she was influenced by hypercritical considerations much more than at times he found desirable. It was a good deal of an undertaking to live up to Hester's idea of him, but that she was able to entertain such an idea made him proud of himself, and he should not have liked to change it. If he had gone out after dinner and Armin had come, there would have been explanations, and when he returned he should have been obliged to give some account of his treachery—for he felt that was the way Hester would regard it. He never would have dared to meet her and tell her the story, and have her think of him as he instinctively realized that she would afterward think of it with her "romantic notions" and her "ideals." But she would not be there—Armin would go away—and she would never hear anything of the whole matter.

Should he go and dine in the flat? Was it time? He took out his watch and looked at it. The busy, ticking second hand was still. The thing had stopped. He remembered that for some days it had been going badly and that he had made up his mind to have it fixed. The sudden stoppage, however, made no difference. He could easily find out what the hour was.

Just then he was passing a rather famous place where he knew that he could dine. It was a place he would hardly have thought of entering at an ordinary time, and the dinner he knew would be much more expensive than he would usually dream of eating. But he went in. The first clock he saw told him that it was eight o'clock. He had, since he had left the "elevated" by which he had come uptown, been walking for three hours. The long summer day had shown little diminution of light, and as he had wandered on his absorption he had not noticed the flight of time. Now he realized that he was tired; for, unaccustomed to exercise a

long tramp had almost worn him out. He sank in exhaustion, and when the servant stood at his bed he ordered dinner recklessly. He seldom drank anything, but on rare occasions he conceded to himself an exception of claret. This was one of the times when he made a concession. It is a noteworthy fact that when a man has given up his mind to be guilty of some serious crime, he is apt at the same time to indulge himself in an accompanying state of smaller laxities.

He沉ined in something of a trance. At least it seemed to him afterward that he must have done so, as he remembered nothing of what had been going on about him—nothing of what he had eaten. When he had finished he wandered out into the street again. Before he had passed through the door he had glanced at the great clock. It was four minutes past two. Two hours and five minutes almost before the clock was finished, since he knew that, being so near the river, Arnum, who would wait for him, would not leave the last moment—until nearly eleven o'clock itself.

When it would be all settled, and he could go home and sleep, it would be an end of it.

In the meantime there were two hours before him. He paused in the Avenue, where now the lights were faintly glittering in the darkness that had at length fallen. At the first corner he paused, irresolute, seeking for some means of getting through the time. He thought of going to some theatre—some music-hall. The idea that he should prolonged to sit still was unpleasant to him, and he tramped wearily on. Another he might have sought the Park, but instinctively he turned downtown. There the greater part of his life was spent; and, without thinking of it at all, he naturally, inevitably turned his steps in that direction.

He had made up his mind. Now there was not the least question; but the effect of such a decision was to leave him dazed and dazed. He had run off his track, and he was lying in a mass of stagnant dismay. Unaccustomed as he was to it, even the miasma of claret affected him, and its faint vapors still further confused and bewildered him. He wanted to go—not hurriedly—not slowly—but with his usual pace, for, when it was possible, the usual habits of his well-known life persisted. Still it was a revolution, and in a dim way he recognized it as such. He was doing something—he himself—on his own responsibility and by his own initiative. He felt in a greater degree as he would if upon some provocation he had summoned up resolution enough to give some one a cuff in the face. He could not have done that, to be sure. It would have required a sudden and determined action. But he was able to give fate this indirect slap.

Though his mind was so firmly fixed—that he knew that he could not change it, and that he was going to do the thing he was doing in a cowardly way—he was going to do it. He turned again to think of the circumstances. In some way they seemed to go round and round—coming to where he had begun and going on again in a way that made him dizzy. But he could not stop them, and the miserable, ironical mental merry-go-round continued until he walked in a perfect vertigo. Arnum had befriended him in his need; indirectly, perhaps directly, all that he had come from Arnum; in time Arnum had asked help from him; it was in his power to give such assistance. Arnum was waiting for it now—for the aid that would save his wife, probably, and would set his mind at rest. And he was running away—was going to betray his friend's confidence—was going to prove false to him. Arnum had befriended him in his need (so the round began over again)—indirectly, perhaps directly, all that he had—In such whirled circles his thoughts ran, but not as thought that could affect decision, rather as prepossessions from the tether of which there was no escape. It was like a dream with all the greatest possibilities for suffering of reality. For Murchison did suffer. He felt the treachery of his conduct—he felt its cowardice. He knew that if he could have had the strength to stand up and say to Arnum that he would not give him the money, that he could feel better about it. That he could not do it he knew. So he shrank on through the darkness, already suffering as he knew he would suffer with what in him would be the same as remorse—an abiding sense of discomfort occasioned by the unscrupulousness of such conduct. Remember, his life had always been ruled as accurately as his ledger, and every

action as carefully made as an entry. Hence the demoralizing results of such a departure.

By now he was far downtown, though he could not have told through what streets he had come nor how long it had taken him to make the distance. Vaguely he realized that he was in a quarter quite unknown to him—as could easily happen with him, with any one; for, after all, in a city with all its complexity the path of the individual is strangely simple and restricted. But these streets did as well as any other for his steady march against time, and he kept carelessly on. He had lost all count of the hour, but he knew dimly that from the distance he had walked, and he felt that he had come pretty directly, that it couldn't yet be eleven o'clock. He had said to himself that he could not return to his abode until that moment, and so he walked—walked. He came out at the river—turned back—and, crossing, walked until he reached the docks on the other side. He turned back again, and, starting uptown this time, he walked on—on. His thoughts still kept their weary circle. Arnum had befriended him in his need—indirectly, perhaps directly, all that he had come from Arnum—so it went on.

Where was he now? It struck him with something of the force of a thought occurring in a half-broken dream that he had been walking leagues. He remembered that his object was to kill time. Had he succeeded in getting through any considerable period of the hours that were so burdensome to him? His watch had stopped. He had no means at hand of finding out. In the mental treadmill in which his mind had been going round, he could not tell whether half an hour had passed or half a day. It might be after twelve, for all he knew, as well as after eleven. The impatience he felt that he might be uselessly dragging on his weary limbs awoke him to greater consciousness. Perhaps Arnum's fate—his own—might be decided by the flight of time, and that he was free—free to go home again to throw himself down to get some rest.

He stood at the head of a narrow street branching off at an acute angle from a broader one. There was no reason for following it rather than the one he was on, but in his restlessness he turned into it. Whether it was because he was more awake now or because it was such a very conspicuous object, he noticed in front of a tobacconist's the big wooden image of a man in the kilt of a Scotman. It attracted his attention the more readily because it was not the usual Indian, and he looked at the image curiously. It was old. The nose was broken off flat in to the face, and the hand raising a pinch of snuff to the nose was gone. But he slowly passed it and forgot it. His feet were dragging now, for he was very tired and knew it—the weariness at the same time rousing him from his stupor and yet forcing him into a new apathy.

What time was it?

A clock! Glancing ahead, he saw a clock supported by a heavy post that rose from the curbstone. It was the sign of a jeweller and he thought that it would be sure to be right. He took a few steps more in advance.

Twenty minutes past eleven?

Then it was all over. There could be no recall—the whole matter was over. Not far away he heard the rattle of an elevated railway train. He turned in the direction of the noise, his one thought to get back and rest—to lose himself in sleep, if he could; for with the first knowledge that it was too late he would have cheerfully given all to undo what he had done.

He had found the elevated station readily enough, and swiftly had been whirled onward, the first dead weight of his distress lying heavy on his heart. Leaving the train, he had stumbled down the long steps, shambling along the familiar street to the apartment-house, and blundered upstairs.

Taking his key from his pocket, he was about to insert it in the lock when the door was thrown swiftly open. He had time to see that the room was brightly lighted and that Hester stood upon the threshold.

"Oh!" she cried, before he had time to think further—"I knew you would come. I told Captain Arnum you would be sure to come."

"Yes—yes," said Murchison, drifting into the room.

"I came unexpectedly to town and found him here. He's told me all about it, and I knew that nothing—nothing would keep you from being here to give him the money. Oh, if I could have thought—that, I'd never have seen you again—never!"

"I—I have been delayed," said Murchison weakly.

"Yes," said his wife. "You must tell me all about that some other time. Oh!" she said, with quick anxiety, "you have not had an accident?"

"Not exactly," he replied.

"Then it's all right," she went on. "But there's no time to lose. Give Captain Arnum the money at once, for he has only just time to catch his train."

Automatically, Murchison took the bills from his pocket and handed them to Arnum.

"Thank you!" he said simply, and started for the door.

Then he paused a moment. "I'll tell you one thing. I'd made up my mind that if you didn't come I'd not start. It would have been desertion and my ruin, and would have broken her heart; but I'd have been with her. That's the reason, Murch! I thank you now, and you shall hear from me again."

Arnum was gone.

"What time is it?" Murchison asked, sinking into a chair.

"Ten minutes to eleven," said his wife. "Captain Arnum can catch the train nicely."

"Very strange!" he murmured, and then, as he saw she was looking at him, he went on, "Oh, you want to know why I couldn't get here sooner."

Murchison is the President of the Transcontinental Insurance Company now, and no longer lives in a flat, but a large house that he has just built opposite to the Park. The "speculation" that was such a "sure thing," about which he had such reliable "inside information," had within six months proved itself a disastrous delusion that would have swept his money away without return. But Arnum's loan had been repaid when he returned, a Lieutenant-Colonel, to succeed to a fortune suddenly left to him and an important interest in a business that could hardly have paid a greater income if its furnaces had turned out golden ingots instead of its machinery rolling out steel bars. It was in this that Murchison's money, with more now added to it, had bred into a swarming brood of dollars. Yes, Murchison was President of the Transcontinental Insurance Company—a capitalist—an investor.

Often he thought of the change with wonder. He thought of it this bright afternoon as he walked with another "substantial" business man to look at a piece of property that he was thinking of buying.

"There's a short cut this way," said the other man, pointing to a small street that branched off obliquely from the one they were on.

They turned into it. With the first step there seemed to be something familiar to Murchison about the general aspect of things. Yet it was hardly a part of the town in which he could often have been. At the instant he did not remember ever having been there; then in an instant he knew. Before him he saw the wooden Scotman with the broken nose and the missing hand. It was the street into which he had turned the last thing before going home that night that had been the turning-point in his life, when in some unaccountable way he had got home early enough after all to help Arnum—to satisfy Hester—to save himself.

"Rummy little street, isn't it?" said the other, trying to make conversation with the great man.

"Very," said Murchison abstractedly. He was waiting for what he should see next.

It was there. He felt it would be, and as his eyes fell on it he paused involuntarily, staring stupidly at the thing.

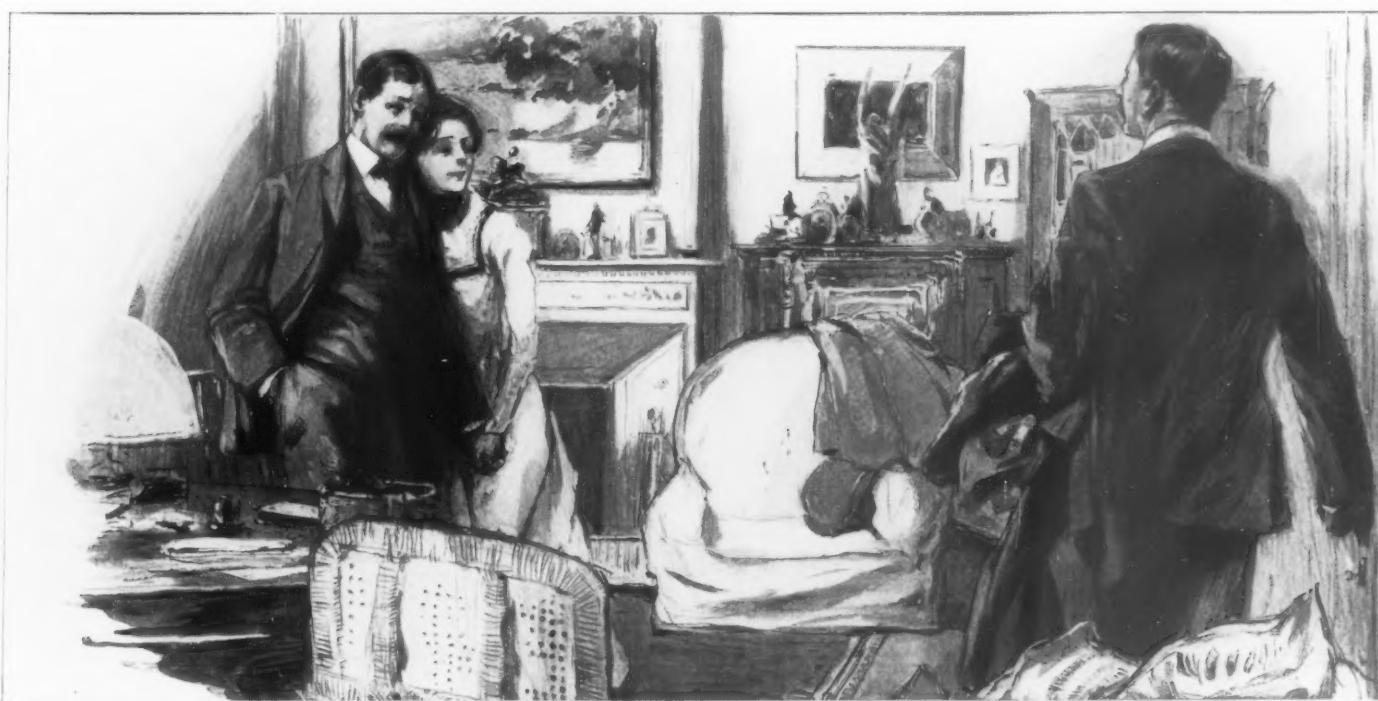
Twenty minutes past eleven!

But it was the afternoon. He had only a few minutes before, in his private room of the great building of the Insurance Company, looked at his watch and seen that was exactly five o'clock. For the clock face was only painted and the painted hand had remained indicating the same time through all the years since the night when they had sent him home too soon—instead of too late.

"Ah, yes," said the other, seeing at what he was staring. "One of those painted clocks. Do you know, it has struck me that mistakes might be made with those things."

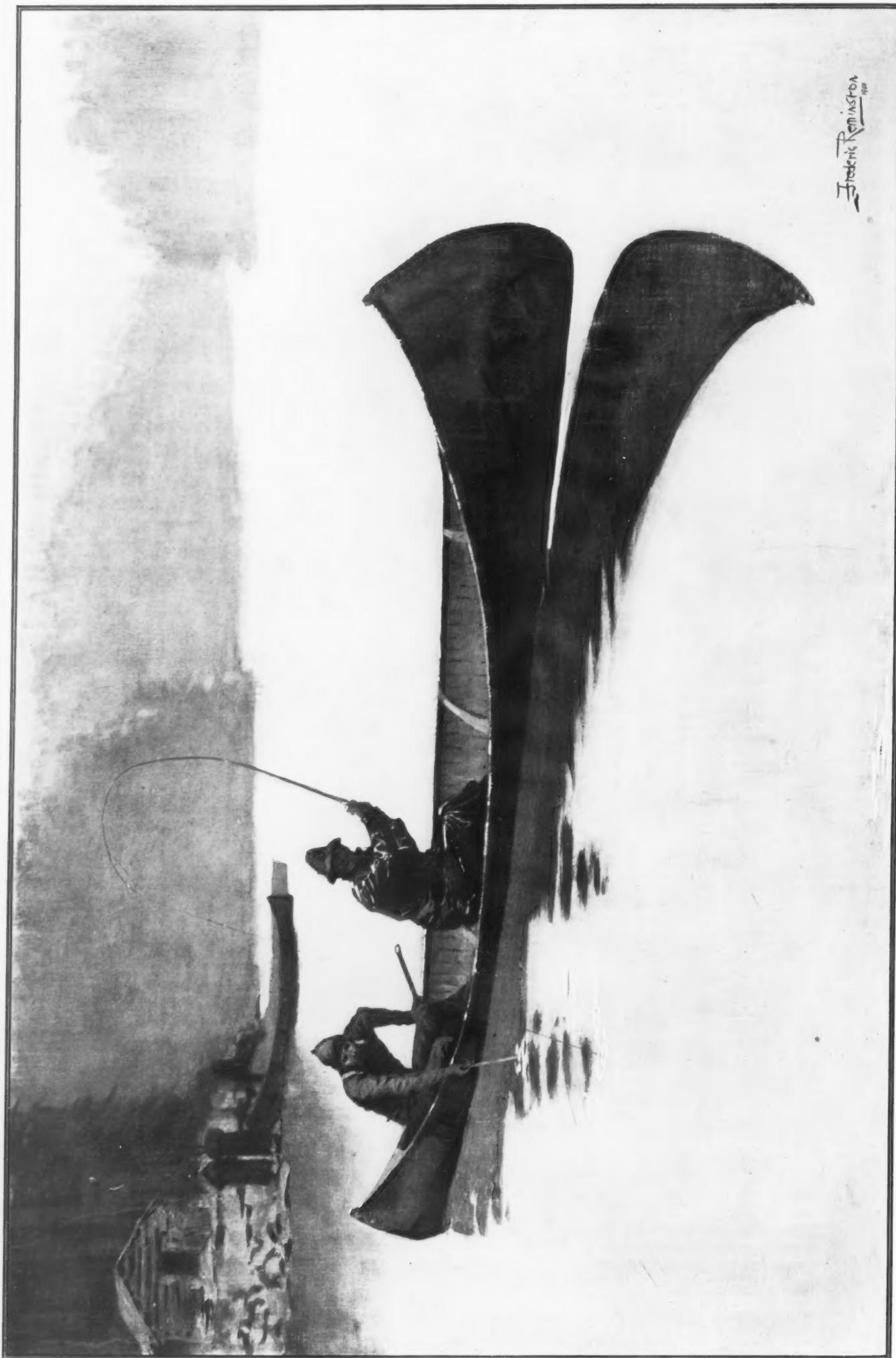
"Or something else," said his companion indignantly.

THE END

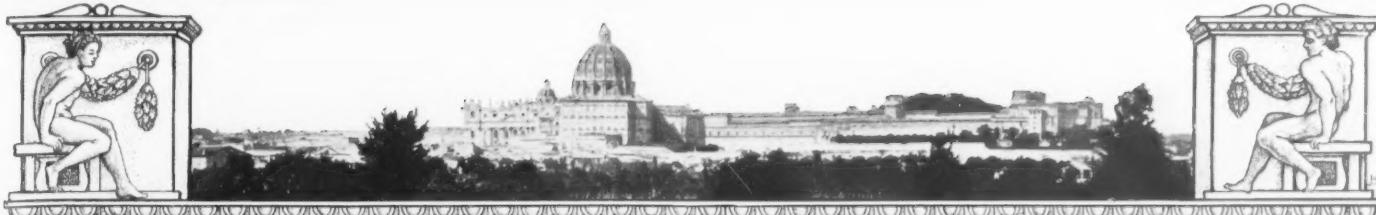


"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DESERTION AND MY RUIN"

COLLIER'S WEEKLY



TROUT FISHING IN CANADA — BROUGHT TO THE LANDING NET
DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

*Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman,"
"The Christian," Etc., Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volanai, exiled from Italy for conspiring against the government, adopts a boy compatriot, afterward proscribed as an abettor of the Prince and eventually known in Rome as David Rossi, the anarchist leader. Romai, the Prince's daughter, now resides there too, under the tutelage of Baron Bonaventura, Italy's Prime Minister. The intimate relations with which gossip credits them being alluded to in a public speech by Rossi, an intrigue is consequently, with Bonaventura's co-operation, set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi, persuaded he has made a mistake, offers Romai rewards. She ceases to wish for revenge, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. The Baron, learning of this, and becoming still more embittered against his rival in love and politics, treacherously orders his arrest in connection with a popular demonstration against the government. But Rossi escapes to England, after a secret church marriage with Romai. Tortured by conscience, in a letter to David she makes a half-confession of her former intimacy with Bonaventura. Rossi's reply is reassuring, whereupon Romai tells him all. Meanwhile, Bruno Rocco, a disciple of Rossi, has been arrested, coerced, and tricked into signing an alleged confession, to enable Bonaventura to secure Rossi's conviction as a conspirator. Being put on trial, Rocco retracts his confession, denounces Bonaventura, and then commits suicide by taking poison. Romai, who has had no word from David Rossi since her arrival, is now summoned to an audience with the Pope. The Pope is shocked to learn that Romai's husband is Rossi, the revolutionist.

V

HEN THE POPE walked in his garden that day as usual, the old Capuchin was with him. The Pope was more than usually grave and silent. Once or twice the Capuchin said, "And how did you find my young penitent this morning?"

"Bene, bene!" the Pope replied.

But at length the Pope, scraping the gravel at his feet with the ferrule of his walking-stick, began to speak on his own initiative.

"Father!"

"Your Holiness?"

"The inscrutable decree of God which made me your Pontiff has not altered our relations to each other as men?"

The Capuchin took snuff and answered, "Your Holiness is always so good as to say it has not."

"You are my master now just as you were thirty years ago, Father, and there is something I wish to ask of you."

"What is it, your Holiness?"

"You are a confessor many years, Father?"

"Forty years, your Holiness."

"In that time you have had many difficult cases?"

"Very many."

"Father, has it ever happened that a penitent has revealed to you a conspiracy to commit a crime?"

"More than once it has happened."

"And what have you done?"

"Persuaded him to reveal it to the civil authorities, or else tell it to me outside the confessional."

"Has the penitent ever refused to do so?"

"Never."

"But if . . . if the case were such as made it difficult for the penitent to reveal the conspiracy to the civil authorities, having regard to the penalties the revelation would bring with it . . . if by reason of ties of blood and affection such revelation were humanly impossible, and it would even be cruel to ask for it, what would you do then?"

"Nothing, your Holiness."

"Not even if the crime to be committed were a serious one, and it touched you very nearly?"

The Capuchin shook out his colored print handkerchief and said, "That could make no difference, your Holiness." The Capuchin pushed his handkerchief into his sleeve.

After a moment the Pope told his story. It was the story of what Romai had said of Rossi's plans abroad. "A conspiracy," he said, "plainly a conspiracy."

"And what do you understand the conspiracy to be?"

"Who can say? Perhaps a recurrence to the custom of the Middle Ages when citizens who had been banished by their opponents used to apply themselves in exile to attempt the conquest of their country by stirring up the factions at home."

"You think that is Rossi's object?"

"I do."

The Capuchin shifted uneasily the skull-cap on his crown,

and said, "Holy Father, I trust your Holiness will leave the matter alone."

"Why so?"

"In reading history I do not find that such enterprises have usually been successful. I see, rather, how commonly they have failed. And if it was so in the Middle Ages, when the arts of war were primitive, how much less likely are the conspiracies of secret societies, the partial and superficial risings of refugees, to be serious now in the days of standing armies? Holy Father, you cannot disclose the secrets this poor lady has revealed to you. Her confession was only a confidence, but your Holiness knows well that according to moral theology there is such a thing as a natural secret which it would be a grave fault to reveal. Facts which of their own nature are confidential belong to this order. They are explicit secrets, assimilated to the confessional, and as such they should be respected. For my own part, your Holiness, I think it a danger to tamper with the secrets of a soul, whatever the good end in view or the evil to be prevented. Thirty-five years ago we had a terrible lesson in such dangers, your Holiness."

The Pope dropped his head, and scraped the gravel.

"Your Holiness remembers the poor young woman who told her confessor she was about to marry a rich young man. The confessor thought it his duty to tell the young man's father in general terms that such a marriage was to be contracted. What was the result? The marriage took place in secret and ended in grief and death."

The Pope rose uneasily. "We will not speak of that. It was a case of a father's pride and perverted ambition. This is a different case altogether. A man who is a prey to diabolic illusions or worse, an enemy of the Church and of social order, is hatching a plot which may end in mischief and bloodshed. The Holy Father knows it. Shall he keep this guilty knowledge locked in his own bosom? God forbid!"

"Then you intend to warn the civil authorities?"

"I must. It is my duty. How could I lay my head on my pillow and not do it? But I will do it discreetly. I will commit no one, and this poor lady shall remain unknown."

The Capuchin spoke: "His Holiness could only act from the noblest motives and Heaven grant that whatever he does it may work out well. But to exercise the epiketa in any case of the secrets of a soul is like taking a plunge in the dark over a yawning precipice. We know where our foot starts from, but only God knows where it may alight."

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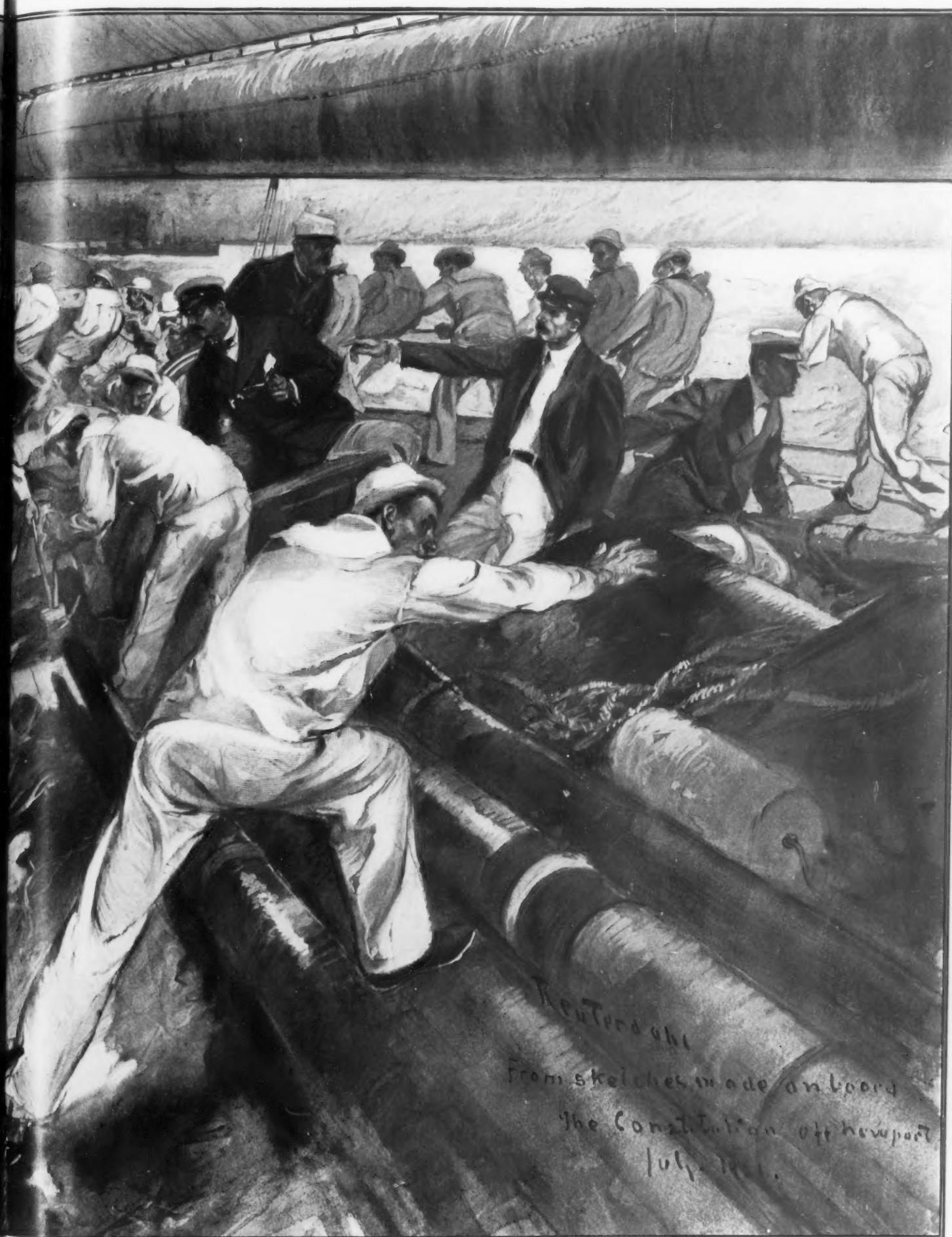
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COLLIER'S WEEKLY



THE WINNER
"CONSTITUTION" AND "COLUMBIA" IN A BRUSH OFF NEWPORT—CAPTAIN RHODES IS

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL, OUR SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST, FROM



D B E R T H

OF "CONSTITUTION"; SITTING IN FRONT OF HIM IS J. BUTLER DUNCAN, MANAGER
ON BOARD "CONSTITUTION" BY COURTESY OF MR. DUNCAN



THE ETERNAL CITY

police . . . In short, although he has no exact information, the Prefect warns us to keep double guard over the person of His Majesty."

The Baron rose and perambulated the hearthring. "A pretty century truly, for fools who pass for wise men and for weaklings who threaten when the distance is great enough. Commendatore, have you mentioned this matter to anybody else?"

"To nobody whatever, Excellency."

"Then think no more about it. It's nothing. At the worst it's a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand. The public mind must not be alarmed. Tighten the cord about our man in Paris. Adieu!"

The Baron's next visitor was the Prefect of the Province, who looked more solemn and soldierly than ever.

"Senator," said the Baron, "I sent for you to say that the Council has determined to put an end to the State of Siege."

The Prefect bowed severely.

"The insurrection has been suppressed, the city is quiet, and the severities of military rule begin to oppress the people."

The Prefect bowed and assented.

"The Council has also resolved, dear Senator, that the country shall celebrate the anniversary of the King's ascension with general rejoicings."

"Excellent idea, sir," said the Prefect. "To wipe out the depression of the late unhappy times by a public festival is an excellent policy. But the time is short."

"Very short. The anniversary falls on Easter Monday. That is to say, a week from to day. You will therefore take the matter in hand immediately and push it on without further delay. The details we will discuss later, and arrange all programmes of presentations and processions. Meantime I have written a proclamation announcing the event. Here it is. You can take it with you."

"Good."

"The King will also issue a proclamation, and sign a decree of amnesty to all the authors and accomplices of the late acts and attempts at rebellion who were not the organizing and directing minds. That is also written. Here it is, but His Majesty has not yet signed it. And now for your own part of the enterprise, dear Senator. You will order all Mayors of towns to assemble in Rome to complete preparations. You will arrange a procession to the Quirinal, when the people will call the King on to the balcony, and sing the National hymn. You will order banners to be made bearing suitable watchwords, such as 'Long live the King!' 'May he govern as well as reign,' 'Long live the Crown,' 'The Flag,' and perhaps the 'Bible.' You will oppose these generating ideas to 'Atheism' and 'Anarchy.' The essential point is that the people must be caused by festivals, songs, bands of music and processions to think of the throne as their bulwark and the King as their savior, and to take advantage of every opportunity to attest their gratitude to both. You follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Then lose no time, Senator."

The Minister of Grace and Justice was the next of the Baron's visitors. He was a short man with a smiling and rubicund face, and he wore yellow kid gloves.

"All goes well and wisdom is justified of her children," said the Baron, rising and promenading the hearthring. "The national sentiment, dear colleague, is a sword, and either we must use it on behalf of the Government and the King, or stand by and see it used by the hostile factions. And if you see any sign on the part of the Vatican of intriguing with men like Rossi, any complicity with conspiracy, or even any knowledge of plots pointing to revolution and regicide, let the Council hear of it immediately. The law of guarantees may be repealed in a constitutional country, and then some of these high and low speculators in the misfortunes of their country, these old gentlemen who know the will and purposes of the Creator, may find it foretold that they shall ascend their Santa Scala on their knees . . . and descend from it by their necks."

The Baron's face had suddenly whitened with passion, and his little colleague looked at him in alarm. A Secretary entered the room and handed the Baron a card. The Baron fixed his eyeglasses and read:

"Monsignor Mario."

"St. Anthony! Talk of the angels . . ." muttered the little Minister.

"Show the Monsignor in," said the Baron.

VIII

The Monsignor was young, tall, slight, almost fragile, and had thin black hair and large spiritual eyes. As he entered, in the long black overcoat which covered his cassock, he bowed and looked slowly round the room. His subdued expression was that of a sheep going through a gate where the dogs may be, and his manner suggested that he would fly at the first alarm.

The Baron looked over his eyeglasses and measured his man in a moment. "Pray sit," he said.

But continuing to stand, the young ecclesiastic looked after the little Minister, who had walked over to a window, and said, "May I have the honor to speak to you alone?"

"This is one of my colleagues. Besides, he is Minister of Grace and Justice, and as such . . ."

"Still, I come on a delicate errand, and as I have been instructed to communicate my message to the Minister of the Interior only . . ."

The Baron smiled coldly, bowed slightly, looked in the direction of the little Minister and said in an icy tone, "Will you perhaps . . ."

"Certainly," said the Minister.

At the next moment the young Monsignor and the Baron were seated at opposite sides of the table.

"I am sent to you by a venerable and illustrious personage . . ."

"Let us say the Pope," said the Baron.

The young Monsignor bowed and continued—"To offer on his behalf a word of counsel and warning."

"It is an unusual and distinguished honor," said the Baron, "But perhaps I should have been more sensible of its value if

it had been offered a little earlier—to the clergy and to the people."

The Monsignor looked up and waited.

"I mean," said the Baron, "that perhaps it would have been of the greatest utility in the late unhappy risings if the clergy had pronounced without delay a word of peace and conciliation. Thus far they have done nothing. Why? Perhaps because their head himself has been silent."

The young ecclesiastic drew himself up and said with some dignity, "You are unjust, sir, to the Venerable Father of the Vatican, who deplores more than any one the erroneous conception of religion and liberty which resulted in these lamentable outbreaks. I am instructed to tell you that the Holy Father has reason to believe a further and more serious insurrection is preparing, and to warn you to take the necessary steps to secure public order and to prevent bloodshed."

The Baron did not move a muscle. "If the Holy Father has special knowledge of a plot that is impending . . ."

"Not special, only general, but sufficient to enable him to tell you to hold yourself in readiness."

"How long has the Holy Father been aware of this?"

"Not long. In fact, only since yesterday morning," said the Monsignor.

"But if the Holy Father knows that a conspiracy is afoot he can no doubt help us to further information."

The Monsignor shook his head.

"Am I, then, to understand that the information with which His Holiness honors me came to him secretly?"

"Yes, sir, secretly. And it is therefore not open to further explanation."

"So it reached him by the medium of the confessional?"

The Monsignor rose from his seat. "Your Excellency cannot be in earnest."

"You mean that it did not reach him by the medium of the Confessional?"

"Certainly not."

"Then he is able to tell me everything if he will?"

The Monsignor became agitated. "The Holy Father's information came through a channel that is assimilated to the confessional and is almost as sacred and as inviolate."

"But obedience to the Pope liberates from all other responsibility. His Holiness has only to say 'Speak,' and his faithful child must obey."

The Monsignor became confused. "His informant is not even a Catholic, and he has therefore no right to command her."

"So it is a woman," said the Baron, and the young ecclesiastic dropped his head.

"It is a woman and a non-Catholic, and she visited the Holy Father at the Vatican yesterday morning—is that so?"

"I do not assert it, sir, and I do not deny."

"Monsignor," said the Baron, "if anything should occur to—example—the person of the King, it cannot be the wish of His Holiness that anybody—myself, for instance—should be in a position to say to Parliament and to the Governments of Europe, 'The Pope knew everything beforehand, and, not having revealed the particulars of the plot, the Venerable Father of the Vatican is an accomplice and a traitor.'"

The young ecclesiastic lost himself utterly. "The Pope," he said, "knows nothing more than I have told you."

"Yes, Monsignor, the Pope knows one thing more. He knows who was his informant and authority. It is necessary that the Government should know that also, in order that it may judge for itself of the nature of the conspiracy and the source from which it may be expected."

The Monsignor was quivering like a limed bird. "I have delivered my message, and have only to add that in sending me here His Holiness desired to prevent crime, not to help you to apprehend criminals."

The Baron's eyeglasses dropped from his nose, and he spoke sharply and incisively. "The Government must at least know who the lady was who visited His Holiness at the Vatican yesterday morning, and led him to believe that a serious insurrection was impending."

"That your Excellency never will, or can, or shall know."

"So it is a case of non possumus?"

The Monsignor was bowing himself out of the room when the Baron's Secretary opened the door and announced another visitor.

"Donna Roma, your Excellency."

"Bring her in," said the Baron. "One moment, Monsignor. Allow me, Donna Roma, to present Monsignor Mario of the Vatican," said the Baron.

"It is unnecessary," said Roma. "I met the Monsignor yesterday morning."

Monsignor Mario left the room without a word.

IX

THE BARON PUSHED OUT AN EASY-CHAIR FOR ROMA AND TWISTED HIS OWN TO FACE IT.

"How are you, my friend?" he asked.

"One lives," said Roma, with a sigh.

He missed her smile—that sunny smile that used to be her greatest charm, coming, as it were, into a room before her and filling the air with a glow. Her full round form in its delicate silk blouse had lost none of the exquisite femininity which never failed to make his pulses tingle, but her face was paler than usual, and it seemed to him to bear traces of recent suffering.

"What is the matter, my dear? You are ill and unhappy."

She eluded the question and said, "You sent for me—what do you wish to say?"

He told her. The printer of certain seditious proclamations had been arrested, and in the judicial inquiry preparatory to his trial he had mentioned the name of the person who had employed and paid him. "You cannot but be aware, my dear, that you have rendered yourself liable to prosecution, and that nothing—nothing whatever—could have saved you from public exposure but the good offices of a powerful friend."

Roma drew her lips tightly together, and made no answer.

"But what a situation for a Minister! To find himself ruled by his feelings for a friend, and thus weakened in the eyes of his servants, who ought to have no possible hold on him."

Roma's gloomy face began to be compressed with scorn.

"You have perhaps not realized the full measure of the indignity that might have been imposed upon you. For instance—a cruel necessity—the police would have been making a domiciliary visitation in your apartment at this moment."

Roma made a faint, involuntary cry, and half rose from her seat.

"Your letters and most secret papers would by this time be exposed to the eyes of the police. . . . No, no, my friend, calm yourself, be seated; thanks to my intervention, this will not occur."

The Baron's Secretary interrupted by opening the door.

"Let them wait," said the Baron impatiently.

"It's Nazzareno, Excellency," said the Secretary.

"Ah! Let him come in," said the Baron. "You remember Nazzareno, Roma? My steward at Albano?"

An elderly man with a bronzed face and shaggy eyebrows and the odor of the fields and the farmyard was ushered into the room.

"Come in, Nazzareno! You've not forgotten Donna Roma? You planted a rosebush on her first Roman birthday, you remember. It's a great tree by this time, perhaps."

"It is, Excellency," said the steward, bowing and smiling, "and nearly as full of bloom as the Signorina herself."

"Well, what news's from Albano?"

The steward told a long story of operations on the estates—planting birch in the top fields and eucalyptus in the low meadow, fencing, draining and sowing.

"And . . . and the Baroness?" said the Baron, turning over some papers.

"Ah, her Excellency is worse," said the old man. "The nurse and the doctor thought you had better be told exactly, and that is the object of my errand."

"Yes?" The papers rustled in the Baron's fingers as he shuffled and sorted them.

The steward told another long story. Her Excellency was weaker or she would be quite ungovernable. And so changed! When he was called in yesterday she was so much altered that he would not have known her. It was a question of days, and all the servants were saying prayers to Mary Magdalene.

"Have some dinner downstairs before you return, Nazzareno," said the Baron. "And when you see the doctor this evening, say I'll come out some time this week if I can. Good morning!"

Roma's tenderness toward the Baron was gone. The man was odious to her. His emotion had been merely self-pity, a feeling possible to the most selfish natures. The repulsion he inspired in her deepened to loathing when he began to speak affectionately the instant the door closed on the steward.

"Look at this, my dear. It's from His Majesty."

She did not look at the letter he put before her, so he told her what it contained. It offered him the collar of the Annunziata, the highest order in Italy, making him a cousin to the King.

She could not contain herself any longer. "I want to tell you something," she said, "so that you may know once for all that it is useless to waste further thought on me."

He looked at her with an indulgent smile.

"I am married to Mr. Rossi," she said.

"But that is impossible. There was no time."

"We were married religiously, in the parish church, on the morning he left Rome."

The indulgent smile gave way to a sarcastic one.

"Then why did he leave you behind? If he thought that was a good marriage, why didn't he take you with him? But perhaps he had his own reasons, and the denunciation of the poor man in prison was not so far amiss."

"That was an official lie, a cowardly lie, if you want to know," said Roma, and her eyes burned with anger.

"Was it? Perhaps it was. But I have just heard something else about Mr. Rossi that is undoubtedly true. I have heard from the Prefect of Paris that he is organizing a conspiracy for the assassination of the King."

A look of fear which she could not restrain crossed Roma's face.

"More than that and stranger than that, I have just heard, also, that the Pope has some knowledge of the plot."

Roma felt terror seizing her, and she asked in a constrained voice, "Why? What has the Pope told you?"

"Only that an insurrection is impending. It seems that his informant is a woman. . . . Who will she be, I wonder?"

Roma knew that a look of alarm was depicted on her face. The Baron was fixing his eyes on her and she tried to elude his gaze.

"Whoever she is she must know more," he said in a severe voice, "and whatever it is she must reveal it."

Roma got up, looking very pale and feeling very feeble. When she reached the door the Baron was smiling and holding out his hand. "Will you not shake hands with me?" he said.

"What is the use?" she answered. "When people shake hands it means that they wish each other well. You do not wish me well. You are trying to force me to betray my husband. . . . But I will die first," she said, and then turned fled, for her beautiful eyes were filled with tears.

When Roma was gone the Baron wrote a letter to the Pope:

"YOUR HOLINESS—Providential accident, as your Chamberlain would tell you, has enabled His Majesty's Government to judge for itself of that source of your Holiness's information which your Holiness very properly refused to reveal. At the same time official channels have disclosed to His Majesty's Government the nature of the conspiracy of which your Holiness so patriotically warned them. This conspiracy appears to be no less serious than an attempt to assassinate the King, but as detailed knowledge of so vile a plot is necessary in order to save the life of our august Sovereign, His Majesty's Government asks you to allow the President the honor of an audience with your Holiness in the cause of order and public security. Hoping to hear of your Holiness's convenience, and trusting that your Holiness will not disappoint the hopes of those who are dreaming even yet of a reconciliation of Church and State, I am with all reverence your Holiness's faithful son and servant—BONNINO."

X

She went home full of uncertainty. Her heart beat as in the atmosphere before a thunder-storm when the air is charged with electricity. She could not doubt the Pope, yet she was in dread of circumstances which no man may control. And behind everything else, in a haunting assassin in the darkness of the night, was a secret fear of herself.

She went into the bedroom, she sat down immediately at the desk between the windows, and wrote in a nervous and straggling hand a hasty letter to Rossi.

"**MY DEAREST,**" she said—"your letter reached me safely last evening, and though I cannot answer it properly at the present moment, I must send a brief reply by mid-day's mail, because there are two or three things it is imperative I should say immediately."

"I wrote you a very important letter to London twelve days ago, and it is perfectly clear that you have not yet received it. The contents were of the greatest seriousness and also of the greatest secrecy, and I should die if any other eye than yours were to read them. Therefore, do not lose a moment until you ask for the letter to be sent after you to Paris. Write to London by the first post, and when the letter has come to your hand do telegraph to me saying so."

"It is so good of you to tell me what you are thinking and doing, and I am so proud to be the woman who has the confidence as well as the love of the most talked-of man in Europe, that it cuts at my heart to ask you to tell me no more about your political plans. Nevertheless, I must. Think what would happen if the police took it into their heads to make a domiciliary visitation in this house. And then think of what a fearful weapon it puts into the hands of your enemies if hearing that I know so much they put pressure upon me that I cannot withstand! Of course that is impossible. I will die first."

Her pen stopped. How was she to put what she wished to say next? David Rossi was in a real danger—double danger. There was the danger from within as well as from without. His last letter showed plainly that he was engaged in an enterprise which his adversaries would call a plot. She remembered her father, doomed to a lifelong exile and a lonely death.

If she could only draw Rossi away from associations that were always reeking of revolution, if she could bring him back to Rome before he was too far involved in plots and with plotters! But how could she do it? To tell him the plain truth that he was going headlong to domicilio coatto was useless. She must resort to artifice. A light shot through her brain, her eyes gleamed, and she began again.

"I fear you are forgetting me in your work. Thinking of the revolution you are making in Europe you are forgetting the revolution you have already made in my poor little heart. Of course, I love your glory more than I love myself, yet I am afraid it is taking you away from me, and will end by leading you up, up, up, out of a woman's reach."

"My last point, dearest, is that I am ill and very, very anxious to see you soon. My health has been failing me ever since you left Rome. Perhaps the anxieties I have gone through have been partly the cause of this, but I am sure that your absence is chiefly responsible, and that no doctor and no medicine would be so good for me as one dash into your arms. Therefore, come and give me back all my health and happiness. Come, I beg of you. Leave it to others to do your work abroad. Come at once before *things have gone too far*—come, come, come!"

Then she gathered up the entire body of David Rossi's letters and, putting some *fascio* (light firewood) into the stove, she sat on the ground to burn them. It was necessary to remove all evidence that could be used against him in the event of a domiciliary visitation.

While the letters were burning she felt herself to be under the influence of a kind of delirium. It was almost as though she were committing suicide.

XI

The Pope had begun the day with the long act of giving communion to the lay members of his household, yet at eight o'clock he was seen in his library in the midst of his morning occupations, surrounded by a bevy of camerieri, monsignori, and messengers. First came a Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda to report the findings of his Congregation, then an Ambassador from Spain to tell of the suppression of religious orders, and then the Maestro di Canto to recite the official programme for the public ceremonials which the Pope had laid for Holy Thursday.

The Maggiordomo was the Master of Ceremonies, and though he wore the purple of the pontifical, he had the dapper look and swishing manner of a dancing master. He tucked all his items one by one as he read them aloud, and the Pope, who sat in his armchair with head down, playing absently with the small tassels of the white wash which he wore over his white cassock, punctuated the paragraphs with "Bene" (right).

"According to the wish of your Holiness," said the Maggiordomo, "the Papal ceremonies of Maundy Thursday will all be public."

"Bene!" said the Pope.

"The Papal Chapel," usually held in the Sistine, and by Pope Gregory XVI. in the Quirinal, will be held this year in St. Peter's, and be open to all comers."

"Bene!"

"The Cardinal Dean will celebrate Mass and your Holiness will enter in white cape, mitre of gold cloth and precious formulae, and receive the homage of the Cardinals, who will wear violet capes."

"Bene!"

"The Cardinal Dean will celebrate Mass and your Holiness will enter in white cape, mitre of gold cloth and precious formulae, and receive the homage of the Cardinals, who will wear violet capes."

"The dapper little master of ceremonies proceeded with his programme his face shone with the light of the visions of splendor he conjured up, but the Pope's countenance grew weary and his "Bene" slow and tired.

It was now ten o'clock, and Cortis, the valet, brought the usual plate of soup. Then came a large man with bold features and dark complexion, wearing a purple robe edged with red and a red biretta. It was the Cardinal Secretary of State.

"What news this morning, your Eminence?" said the Pope.

"The Government," said the Cardinal Secretary, "has just published a proclamation announcing a Jubilee in honor of the King's ascension. It is to begin on Monday next, and there are to be great feasts and rejoicings."

"Which means great privation and suffering. A Jubilee at a time like this! What a wild mockery of the people's woes!"

"Our correspondent writes that Rossi has lately been preaching to the Pope—advising him to give up his temporal claims."

"How can I give up what does not belong to me? Why won't people believe that the Holy Father is bound by his oath to maintain the rights of the Apostolic See?"

"He says the only means of saving the Papacy is to remove it from the sphere of political influences to the more pure and independent one of the soul."

"You have seen this man Rossi, your Eminence?"

"Yes, at the request of your Holiness I once met him at the Jesuit College."

"What is he like to look upon—the typical demagogue, no?"

"No, I am bound to say no, your Holiness. And his conversation, though it is full of the jargon of modern liberalism, has none of the obscene Voltairism."

"Some one said . . . who was it, I wonder? . . . some one said he resembled the Holy Father."

"Now that you mention it, your Holiness, there is perhaps a certain remote resemblance."

"Monsignor Mario," said the low voice of the Pope's messenger to the Prime Minister was kneeling in the middle of the floor.

In nervous tones and broken sentences, looking up at intervals to see the effect of his words, the Monsignor told his story. The Pope listened intently, the vertical lines of his forehead deepening and darkening every moment, until at length he burst out impatiently: "But, my son, you do not say that you said all this in addition to your message?"

"I was drawn into doing so, your Holiness, and before I knew what I was doing it was done."

"You told the Minister that my information came through the channel of a simple confidence?"

"He intimated that the Holy Father was perhaps breaking the seal of the confessional . . . ?"

"That my informant was a non-Catholic and a woman?"

"He implied that your Holiness had only to command your informant to reveal the conspiracy to the civil authorities, therefore . . . ?"

"And you said she was here on Saturday morning?"

"He hinted that the Holy Father was an accomplice of criminals if he had known this without revealing it before, and that was why . . . ?"

"And she came in at that moment, you say?"

"At that very moment, your Holiness, and she had met me on Saturday morning."

"Mau, man, what have you done?" cried the Pope, rising from his seat and pacing the room.

The Monsignor continued to kneel in utter humility, until the Pope, recovering his composure, put both hands on his shoulders and raised him to his feet, saying tenderly, "For-

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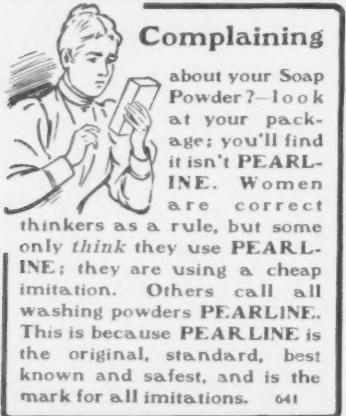
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BOOMJA COFFEE

give me, my son. I was more to blame than you were. It was wrong to trust any one with a verbal message in the cabinet of a man like that. A fox, a serpent, a poisoning adder! The Holy Father should have no intercourse with such persons. But this is God's hand. Let us leave everything to the Holy Spirit."

At that moment the Papal Maggiordeoma returned with a letter. It was the Baron's letter to the Pope. After the Pope had read it he stepped into a little adjoining room which contained nothing but a lounge and an easy-chair. There he lay on the lounge and turned his face to the wall.

XII

At the first hour of night the Pope attended the recitation of the rosary in his private chapel, and then returning to his private study, a room of moderate size, furnished with a table and two chairs, he took a light supper, served by Corris, in the evening dress of a civilian. After supper he wrote a letter. It ran:

"MAJESTY—Your Minister informs us that through official channels he has received warning of a plot against your life, and believing that we can give information that will help him to defeat so vile a conspiracy, he asks us for a special audience. It is not within our power to promise more assistance than we have already given, but this is to say that if your Majesty himself should wish to see us we shall be pleased to receive you, with or without your Minister, if you will come in private and otherwise unattended at the hour of 2½ on Holy Thursday, to the door of the Canons' House of St. Peter's, where the bearer of this message will be waiting to conduct you to the Sacristy.

"Nit tinendum nisi a Deo. PIUS X."

Having despatched this letter to the Quarinal by the hand of a Noble Guard, instructing him to use all secrecy and to bring back a reply, the Pope sat down to look at newspapers marked for him by his readers, to think and to wait.

An hour passed, the Noble Guard had not returned, and the Pope rose to look out of the window. The Piazza below lay silent as a mountain pool, sending no sound into the air save the splash of the two fountains. Between them rose the dark column of the obelisk with its fiery inscription, "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules." At the edge of the square were the shadowy outlines of the palace of the Prince Münster, once the palace of the Pope's own father—the poor, proud, converted, but loving old heart thirty-five years in its grave. And beyond all, splashed with streaks of light and humming on in the distance, Rome!

Looking out on the city as it lay below him in the night, the Pope was moved. The Eternal City! The Holy City! The City of the Pope! Lost to him for the moment, but still the city of his children!

Thrilling and touching sight! From that very spot, or near it, the great Popes of old had dreamed the magnificent dream of the divine rule of humanity, the sacred empire of the earth. And now, without an inch of land that he could call his own, the Pontiff was a prisoner among his people, and his palace was a cell.

No matter! "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules!" Rome would return like a prodigal son to the father who stood waiting with outstretched arms to receive it. The age, already straining in the pangs of the new birth, would be born again to religion and the Church. And the Pope, with a little kingdom, but a universal sovereignty, without raising armies or levying taxes, reigning but not governing, presiding but not commanding, would be the spiritual and temporal arbiter of the world!

The Pope felt the perspiration breaking out on his forehead, and he opened the windows to let in the cool night air. He thought of the young woman who had been to see him, of her revelations, her appeals, the wistful look in her eyes and the plaintive note in her voice. "After all, the King may refuse," he thought, and taking a long breath of relief, he turned to close the window.

At that moment the silence of the Piazza was broken by the noise of carriage wheels rattling over the stones, and some minutes later the Count de Raymond, in his costume of Noble Guard, was kneeling at the Pope's feet and saying, "Your Holiness, His Majesty the King will come."

XIII

THE Sacristy was empty save for the ensignion in black cassock and biretta, who was warming his hands over a large bronze scalding basin; but in the Archpriest's room adjoining, with its frescoes and its statue of the chief of the Apostles, its large gilt armchair and stools of red plush, Father Pifferi in his ordinary brown habit was waiting for the Pope. The chair-bearers put down the chair, knelt and kissed the Pope's feet in spite of his protest, bowed themselves out with deep obeisance, and left the two old men together.

"Have they arrived?" asked the Pope.
"Not yet, your Holiness," said the Capuchin.
"How were they to come?"
"By the Borgo Santo Spirito, past the roba,

behind the colonnade, along Santa Monica, in front of the Holy Inquisition and the Campo Santo, to the door of the Canons' House. All quiet and dark ways at night."

"Is Count de Raymond waiting below?"

"Yes, your Holiness."

The door opened, and a Noble Guard knelt on the threshold.

"Well?"

"The personages you expect have come, your Holiness."

"Bring them in," said the Pope.

The young King, who wore the uniform of a cavalry officer, with sword and long blue cloak, knelt to the Pope and kissed his ring; while the Prime Minister, who was in ordinary civilian costume, bowed deeply but remained standing.

"Pray sit," said the Pope, seating himself in the gilded armchair, with the Capuchin on his left.

The King sat on one of the wooden stools in front of the Pope, but the Baron continued to stand by his side. Between the Pope and the King was a wooden table on which two large candles were burning. This was the only light in the room.

The young King was pale, and the expression of his twitching face was timid and nervous.

"It was good of your Holiness to see us," he said, "and perhaps the gravity of our errand may excuse the informality of our visit."

The Pope, who was leaning forward on the arms of his chair, only bent his head.

"His Excellency," said the King, indicating the Baron, "tells me he has gained proof of a regularly organized conspiracy against my life, and he says your Holiness holds the secret of the conspirators."

The Pope, without responding, looked steadily into the face of the young King, who became nervous and embarrassed.

"Not that I'm afraid," he said, "personally afraid. But naturally I must think of others—my family—my people—even of Italy—and of your Holiness . . . if your Holiness . . ."

The Baron, who had been standing with one arm across his breast and the other supporting his cheek, intervened at this moment. "Your Majesty," he said, "with your Majesty's permission and that of his Holiness"—he bowed to both sovereigns—"it may be convenient if I state shortly the object of our visit."

The young King drew a breath of relief, and the Pope, who was still silent, bent his head again.

"Some days ago your Holiness was good enough to warn His Majesty's Government that from private sources of information you had reason to fear that an assault against the public peace was to be attempted."

The Pope once more assented.

"Since then the Government has received corroboration of the gracious message of your Holiness, coupled with very definite predictions of the nature of the revolt intended. In short, we have been told by our correspondents abroad that a conspiracy of European proportions, involving the subversive elements of England, France and Germany, is to be directed against Rome as a centre of revolution, and that an attempt is to be made to assail constituted society by striking at our King."

"Well, sir?"

"Your Holiness may have heard that it is the intention of the Government and the nation to honor the anniversary of His Majesty's ascension by a festival. The anniversary falls on Monday next, and we have reason to fear that Monday is the day intended for the first outbreak of this vile conspiracy."

"Well?"

"Your Holiness may have differences with His Majesty, but you cannot desire that the cry of suffering should mingle with the strains of the Royal march."

"If your Government knows all this it has its remedy—let it alter the King's plans."

"The advice with which your Holiness honors us is scarcely practical. For the Government to alter the King's plans would be to alarm the populace, demoralize the services, and add to the unhappy excitement which it is the object of the festival to allay."

"But why do you come to me?"

"Because, your Holiness, our information, although conclusive, is too indefinite for effective action, and we believe your Holiness can supply the data by which we may preserve public order and"—with an apologetic gesture—"save the life of the King."

The Pope was moving uneasily in his chair. "I will ask you to be good enough to speak more plainly," he said.

The Baron's heavy mustache rose at one corner to a fleeting smile. "Your Holiness," he said, "is already aware that accident informed us of the source of your information. It was a lady. Knowing this enabled us to judge who was the subject of her communication. It was the lady's lover. Official channels give us proof that he is engaged abroad in plots against public order, and thus . . ."

"If you know all this, sir, what do you want with me?"

"Your Holiness may not be aware that the person in question is a Deputy, and that a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

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CLARKE'S MILL, PITTSBURG



CHILDREN HOLDING AN INDIGNATION MEETING

THE STRIKE OF THE STEEL WORKERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

and formed a line that extended, snake-like, two blocks back from the cashier's office. Their argument in acting contrary to the request of the company was to the effect that "In Union there is strength," should attempts be made to influence independent workmen.

WHERE LOVE HATH NO ROOM

Just a word about the half that did not heed the warning, who did not save; the men who now have no money to buy a fare, rents, not even pennies for fishing tackle; who cannot afford boat or trolley fare to the strikers' Elysian Fields up river. These are the improvident ones; you find them in every industrial community, so these are deserving of no pity whatever. In Pittsburgh they have their nests in the alleys around the market-place. The narrow thoroughfares are lined with wooden tenements all black with smoke, as if charcoal were burned within. Two rooms, seldom three, is the home not only of a family, but of a number of men boarders, sometimes as many as thirteen or fourteen. At night the family sleeps in the kitchen, which is also the dining-room, and the boarders in the other room, lying on the floor, or in bunks arranged one above the other, as in the steerage of a ship. One night one of the workers in a steel mill came home over come with the heat. He died during the evening, and his body lay in the kitchen all night, the wife getting breakfast for the fourteen boarders just the same.

A PARSON SCHWAB'S OPPONENT

On a recent day, at the headquarters of the strikers, their War Office, in Pittsburgh, President Shaffer stood between two members of his staff, his arm around the shoulders of each. Turning to a visitor, Shaffer said: "The recognition of the rights of all men who work in rolling mills to organize. This is what the Amalgamated Association is fighting for."

"What must be the form of recognition?"

"The signing of our wage scale, not for some, but for all of the plants of the United States Steel Company."

Shaffer was ten years a preacher. His experience as a pulpit orator now comes in handy on the labor rostrum. In each address to strikers, he advises the men to acquire the church-going habit, and to drink not. He makes frequent use of the word "God-fearing." In conversation his delivery of ordinary remarks is ministerial. His eyes have the far-away look of a dreamer. This new-to-fame leader was worker before he was minister—and after. At fifteen he went to work in a rolling mill. At twenty-four he was master of the three principal branches—iron, steel, and tin. Then he entered the ministry. Sedentary life broke his health. In the pulpit he could use only brain. In the mill he could use both brain and brawn. So after ten years' preaching he went back to his old trade, as boss roller. Three years ago the Amalgamated Association elected him to his present position. "Now I'm test to this office at fifteen dollars a week," he said, "while in the mill I used often to make my twenty-three dollars a day. Oh, that is not so much. There's Andy Day, the greatest roller in the country—you can see him at the mill across the river—often makes his sixty dollars a day. The average pay the year round, for all steel workers, however, is not over two dollars a day."

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREES OF HEAT

When Shaffer left the pulpit and returned to the rolling mills he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds. In a few months he weighed two hundred and ten. Which shows that a rolling mill is not such an unhealthful place.

The representatives of the majority of the men who work in the heat of the mills, in a temperature averaging one hundred and sixty degrees, would be those seen at this moment in a visit to a non-union mill; those stripped to the waist, revelling muscles that seem made of the metal they are handling in white-hot state, stalwart, broad of shoulder, florid of complexion, and dripping with perspiration.

Hoppers, boilers, rollers—not the machinery, but the operators—our very appearance spells health. Here is one Titan in the crucible steel section—a "spiller out." With his legs encased in asbestos, he straddles an opening in the iron platform out of which flame belches, as in the trapdoor scene in the last act of "Faust," and draws up the crucible full of molten steel, as you would draw a bucket of water from a well. This man looks a veritable Fire God.

But mill workers pay the price in time. For years in a rolling mill tell upon men like the climate of India. The first year out, the British officer in the Punjab stands up straight and bows fat, despite the hundred and thirty degrees in the shade. The second year he begins to wither, to grow thinner, to stoop a bit, to walk with a step less brisk than formerly. At the end of the third year he goes home on a

year's leave, emaciated, helped aboardship by a servant, hands like claws, a wasted body. Thus with the worker in the rolling mill—only compute the years thus: For each year in India, ten in the mill.

MAKE-UP OF THE MIX-UP

Of the seven great companies forming the United States Steel Company, four are union, two part union, and one non-union. The union companies are American Steel Hoop, American Sheet Steel, American Tin Plate, and Federal Steel. The part union—that is, those which have both union and non-union plants—are National Tube and National Steel. The non-union company is the Carnegie. Each of these companies have from four to a dozen or fifteen plants—in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Of the four union mills all are on strike save one—Federal Steel. Shaffer will not call out Federal Steel until threatened by a very Waterloo. For the contribution of the Federal plants to the Strike Fund amounts to sixty-four thousand dollars a month, and these men must be kept at work as long as possible, to help support those on strike.

Why were the men in three of the union companies called out? 1. The American Tin Plate Company agreed to the wages and the working hours as demanded. But it has not signed the scale of wages for the mill at Monessen, although the Amalgamated Association has agreed to make a special rate of wages to cover the special work done at this mill—a rate which would be less than that received by the workmen in any of the other plants of the tin plate company.

2. The American Steel Hoop Company agreed as to wages and hours, but limited the agreement to those mills which were recognized last year as union mills. This company refused to sign the scale for the other mills, even though assured that the men were organized and were forced to remain at work by the Amalgamated officers during the recent conferences with the manufacturers.

3. The American Sheet Steel Company agreed to sign the scale and arranged for working hours for the organized mills only, and have required their employees in non-union mills to sign an agreement which prevents their becoming organized, or union men, even if they so desire.

"These are but three of the underlying companies of the United States Steel Company," said Mr. Shaffer, "while our constitution requires that our scales shall be signed for all the companies. But in our proposition, made at the recent conference, we agreed that, if these three named companies would sign the scale, whatever contention we might have with the remaining four companies should not interfere with the others."

AFTER IMPARTIAL INVESTIGATION

What says the other side?

1. The United States Steel Company cannot sign the scale for all mills, union and non-union alike, because that would mean their co-operation with Shaffer to force the men into the Amalgamated Association.

2. The majority of the non-union men, so the steel company claims, are not desirous of connecting themselves with the Amalgamated Association, and for that reason it would be unfair to sign the scales.

This latter statement is not substantiated by the men. Investigation revealed the fact that the majority are willing and anxious to join the Amalgamated Association, and will do so, if granted permission by the company. One evidence of this is that all those employed in the Steel Hoop Company in the non-union plants have, since the beginning of the strike, voluntarily joined the union ranks.

And with the coming in of these men rose the question as to whether they should share in the Strike Fund. For there is a rule that only those who have been members of the union at least six months shall benefit by the Fund. The Advisory Board of the Amalgamated Association has decided to waive the rule and give the new members equal rights with the others. To make this possible, offers of financial aid have come from all over the country, wherever labor is organized. Men in the independent mills—that is, those not in the United States Steel Company, and there are about fifteen such in the Union—have assessed themselves, some agreeing to pay ten per cent of their earnings, and others one or two days' wages each week. The old union men, moreover, have notified headquarters that they wish to be further assessed to aid the newcomers. As to whether the strikers themselves favor the strike, thousands of them have sent to headquarters assurances of their hearty endorsement and support. The Amalgamated Association can also count upon aid during the strike from the two million members of the American Federation of Labor, with which it is affiliated.

To understand the wage scale referred to by President Shaffer would require a course of lessons. Leaders have been working on it for twenty-five years, and Shaffer himself worked on it in the odd moments of ten years, getting it into its present form. It is comprised in a pamphlet of thirty-eight pages. The manufacturers understand it, the labor leaders can interpret it; but among the workers, whose pay it regulates, not to one in a thousand is it comprehensible. When a man is in doubt as to his wage, he journeys to Amalgamated headquarters, some one in that office marks a cross on the page that interests that particular workman, explains and elucidates, and the man goes away dazed, and henceforth guesses that his rate of pay is according to Hoyle—anyway, he will take the word of those who understand the thing.

EACH SIDE SAYS: "NOTHING TO ARBITRATE"

"I agree with J. Pierpont Morgan," says Mr. Shaffer, "This strike is one that can scarcely be arbitrated, because it is one of principle."

To which might be added that, as a mass, perhaps, workmen remember principle and keep it holy. But individually—here is a true story. In one of the steel plants three men called upon the manager and informed him that he was employing too many apprentices, that he was allowed only one apprentice for every five journeymen—or, in this case, about six in all—whereas the boys in the mill numbered nine. "Very good," replied the manager, "six it shall be." Now it so happened that three of the apprentices were brothers of the three committee-men who had made the protest. And it should be explained that an apprentice serves three years, with pay increasing from fifty to one hundred cents a day, while at the same time he is learning a trade which will give him good pay for life. The three brothers of the committee-men had all served over two years of their apprenticeship, and full-fledged workingmen's pay was almost within their grasp. These three, in fact, were the senior apprentices of the mill. It was these three apprentices whom the manager dismissed. Whereupon the committee-men looked up. They supposed, they declared, that three of the juniors would be "fired"—not the seniors, their brothers. "But if you will take back our brothers," said the men, "you can have as many apprentices as you choose."

THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

To return to the fishermen and the camping parties on the Monongahela. In this way the strikers may possibly hold out during August, or until the first chill wind penetrates the marrow at night. Then, when the grass is no longer a comfortable lounge, when the Monongahela ceases to be an accommodating bathtub, when "on strike" means indoors instead of out, two rooms instead of miles of river-front—then "Charlie" Schwab will do the striking.

Meantime, the Sphinx in the sands of Egypt is not more mute, more impenetrable, more awe-inspiring, more terrible, so far as those strikers who think for themselves are concerned, than President Charles M. Schwab. It is his silence, his inaction that makes him the disturber of the popular peace of mind, the bugaboo of workmen's homes all the way from Pittsburgh to Chicago. What will he do? Where will he strike, and how? Will he close up every plant of the United States Steel Company? Or will he just do nothing? If only he would say something.

"Oh, well, we wanted a vacation anyway," say the men. "It was too hot to work. It's cooler fishing. But just wait."

"Oh, well," say the manufacturers. "We had to shut down for repairs, anyway. But just wait."

LAST CHAPTER OF THE COAL STRIKE STORY

While the steel workers' strike is still a little beyond the period of incubation, with probably a long life before it, funeral services are being held over the strike of the stationary firemen in the anthracite coal region. This strike was plainly a case of the tail wagging the dog, for twelve hundred firemen succeeded in tearing miners, breakers and engineers from their work.

The United Mine Workers, naturally, would not stand by the Firemen's Union and sternly ordered the strikers back to their furnaces. A single week of bluster and "fight-to-the-finish" and "out-to-win" talk, and then the firemen came to the operators asking to be reinstated.

But during that week, business in the anthracite region, from Wilkes-Barre to Harrisburg, was at a standstill. In their blackness, the breakers down the valley of the Susquehanna

quiescence, and everywhere else, loomed silent. The hands and faces of miners had not been white so long at a stretch since the Hazelton trouble, months ago. Some of the mines filled with water and gas, but in the majority of cases either engineers or miners took the firemen's places, and the fans and pumps were kept going.

The bluff—for bluff it was—was played this way. Three firemen in each district called on the operators, saying: "We want an eight-hour day. A twelve-hour day is too much. Give us eight hours or we quit."

"Do you realize what you are asking?" inquired the operators. "A fifty per cent advance in a single clip. We gave you a ten per cent advance last winter. You were getting a dollar sixty. Now you get a dollar seventy-six. On top of this you ask for an eight-hour day, which means that we

must put on three shifts instead of two—or an increase of fifty per cent in cost to us. Your demand might be granted a little at a time, but all at once—refused."

So the twelve hundred firemen went out, knowing that their action would tie up the entire coal region. President Muldaly of the Firemen's Union, an ardent man of twenty-four, and a king among his subjects, made a strenuous bid for the glory of a Shaffer, and his picture was fast creeping into the papers of the country, when came that Sunday when the Mine Workers relegated him once more to obscurity.

It was a Sunday of heat infernal, and in the Industrial Hall of Wilkes-Barre full twelve hundred firemen, sweat-reeking, gathered for a conference with the representatives of the United Mine Workers. Every incoming man was required to show his ticket of trade, lest some of the enemy spy upon

the proceedings. All the correspondents were put under guard after the photographer had done his work—and the doors were closed. The moment the doors were opened again, a dozen men stood ready to tell every secret, sacred thing that had been said at the meeting. The death-blow of the strike was the refusal of the United Mine Workers to aid the firemen in any way. They told the firemen that if they would go back to work the miners would; the implied threat being that the miners would permanently fill the places of the striking firemen, and the mines would be operated as usual. This would mean that the firemen would have to move to some other coal State to find work. Thus the firemen lost their "bluff." Public opinion was against them, public sympathy they had none; for they had not come forward with a cause, they had peremptorily demanded the moon.



THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF CUBA

By SENOR SIXTO LOPEZ

THE CONDITION and social position of the women of any country form a fairly accurate gauge of the degree of civilization and refinement to which the people generally have attained. In those parts of the world still in a state of savagery, and even in some countries claiming to be far in advance of what is considered an uncivilized condition, women are regarded as socially and mentally the inferiors of men. The emancipation of woman is a sign of the regeneration of man. Equality is an evidence of superiority, paradoxical as it may seem; for when man accords to woman the same rights which he enjoys, then, and only then, has he a right to speak of superiority. Even in such an enlightened country as America certain disabilities are still imposed upon women. These, however, are not due to any assumption of superiority; they are simply the relics of a bygone age still retained in the form of unreasonable prejudices.

But the channels, also, through which the civilization of a country has come, have an effect upon the position of women in a community. It would require a preternatural insight to trace the origin and reason of some of those social customs which have long outlived their utility, if, indeed, they ever were useful.

AMERICAN IDEAS FOR CUBAN WOMEN

Thus, the position of women in Cuba has been influenced by old-time Spanish ideas of propriety, and doubtless by Moorish customs which came to Spain when the Crescent waved in undisputed sway over the greater part of southern Europe. But Cuba in freeing herself from the Spanish political yoke is also discarding many of those customs which may or may not have had their utility in past centuries, but which in modern times are unnecessary and oppressive, and continue to exist because men imagine that the heavens are going to fall at any and every proposed change in the social order of things. This change is taking place all the more rapidly because of the relations between Cuba and the United States. If Fortune or Fate has decided that Cuba must continue to have close relations with a foreign country, it is fortunate—in so far as any rate as the condition of women is concerned—that those relations should be with the United States. Although the men of America still retain some of their prejudices in regard to the political and professional rights of women, there is no country in the world where women enjoy greater freedom, or a larger share of those rights which belong not to one particular sex but to humanity in general.

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM

It must not, however, be thought that the condition of women in Cuba, under the Spanish regime, differed very materially from that of the women of other civilized countries. Indeed, they had certain rights which were not generally enjoyed by the women of America. It is also true that the politeness and gallantry, which have ever been the characteristics of the Latin race, have accorded to woman many privileges which the American sense of justice yields as matters of right. So, by different means similar results have been attained. It cannot, however, be said that Cuban women have as much social freedom as the women of America. This is due, not to the tyranny of men, but to the tyranny of old-time customs, which until recently the women themselves were anxious to observe, and from which, even now, it is difficult to break loose.

For instance, it was not in accordance with Cuban canons of good taste for two young persons of opposite sex to walk or drive in the streets by day or night without a chaperon. Perhaps in the early days of social evolution such restrictions may have served in lieu of personal virtue or honor, but fortunately this and other similar restrictions, which are hardly

complimentary to the good sense or the moral attainment of those upon whom they are quite unnecessarily made to fall, are now being ignored by both the women and the men of Cuba.

PATRICIAN PRIDE WHICH COST MONEY

Another example. The Cubans are a dignified people; they come of a chivalrous race, and chivalry is usually associated with a fitting sense of dignity. Chivalry in man finds its natural counterpart in dignity in woman. But the grandees of Spain had ideas of dignity which may or may not be false, and some of those ideas have taken root in the rich social soil of Cuba. Thus, it is said that in the palmy days before the Insurrection, when the wealthy people were really wealthy, it was beneath the dignity of a lady to stoop to recover even a gold coin which dropped accidentally in the street. So when an "onza" (\$17) slipped from the jewelled fingers of señora it was allowed to roll its golden course until it finally reached the pocket of some one with other ideas of dignity—and honesty. These ideas, too, are passing away, owing possibly, to some extent, to the influence of the practical American mind, but more probably to the fact that money is not now so plentiful as it was in Cuba.

CUBAN WOMEN ACTIVE IN PUBLIC LIFE

These, however, are small matters and are mentioned only as serving to show how custom clings and how the channels through which a civilization can give color to the outward flowing stream. But in all things of real moment, and in educational and charitable work, the Cuban women are as proportionately active and interested as the women of other countries. As an example of this activity the Centro Asturiano may be mentioned. This is an institution founded by the Spaniards from the province of Asturias, and its objects are "instruction, recreation and health." It is a benefit society, a club, and a college combined. It owns and maintains a splendid up-to-date hospital in the suburbs, and its central building for educational and club purposes is one of the finest in Havana. Its classes and lectures are open to men and women alike, and instruction is given during the day and in the evening in almost every branch of knowledge, including stenography and typewriting. The women students are also taught every conceivable domestic duty and accomplishment from dressmaking to music and art. Doubtless the women of America will be surprised and pleased to learn that there are more than seven hundred women students who take advantage of this course of instruction, and that in many cases they have carried off the highest honor in competition with the men.

In fairness it should be mentioned that there are several other institutions of the kind in Cuba, such as the Purísima Concepción, the Beneficia, El Rey, etc. It is also interesting to know that during last year at the University of Havana nineteen women received the degree of B.A., and fifty-seven passed the arts examination, and that a thousand women and girls are being educated at present in America.

One example of the charity of the Cuban women may also be given. The several insurrections left many orphans to be provided for by those who were fortunate enough to escape such methods as those of General Weyler. But the women of Cuba were equal to the occasion; and many a costly gem and encircling gold band were sacrificed for the benefit of the fatherless and motherless. By this self-sacrifice institutions have been founded to provide for the sustenance and education of the children of those who fought and died to free their country from foreign rule. These institutions are entirely the work of the women of Cuba, whose compassion and generosity are worthy of the praise of all the world.

THE WOMEN OF CUBA ARE GRATEFUL

But what is most admirable in the Cuban women is their patriotism and public spirit. It is the opinion of many Americans who have visited the island that the Cuban women are more grateful than the men for those splendid services which America rendered in freeing Cuba from Spanish rule. This, I think, is a misapprehension, due no doubt to the fact that the men are now required to discuss and determine the future relations of the two countries; and the on-looking American is perhaps too ready to mistake solicitude for ingratitude. Undoubtedly the Cuban women are grateful. They suffered as much as or even more than the men; they suffered in silence and without the accompaniment of martial glory; and doubtless the sense of relief which came with the success of American arms has turned to gratitude and found a permanent abiding place in the hearts of the women of Cuba.

But it is also true that the women of Cuba are credited with being more patriotic than the men, which shows that gratitude to America is not incompatible with the desire for liberty for Cuba. Under present circumstances the gratitude of the patriotic is worth something; whereas, the gratitude of those who are indifferent to their country's freedom is the gratitude of the tramp who accepts and forgets, and who is ready to curse if succor is denied. The Cuban who is zealous in safeguarding the best interests of his country (and who shall say that liberty is not the very best interest?) will be naturally and truly grateful for those services which finally and forever broke the rod of the tyrant.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEARLS OF THE ANTILLES

It is, however, in personal characteristics that the women of Cuba differ most from the women of America. The Cuban woman is by nature emotional, ideal, romantic. She possesses little of that matter-of-fact realism for which the American woman is so justly admired. Platonic friendship would not thrive in Cuba; it must be either passionate love or courtly deferential respect. There is no intermediate relationship; there is no real comradeship, such as is found in America, between young persons of opposite sex unless they are relatives. The dark lustrous eye may be quick to perceive a conjugal affinity, but you must not look into its scintillating depths if you desire to show attention without intention. In this I speak from hearsay evidence only! But of the beauty of the Cuban women I can speak from personal observation and in the highest terms of praise.

I do confess I never loved myself
Until en faced I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering tablet of her eye.

The half-tones which adorn this page will give some, though a very inadequate, idea of the beauty of the Cuban women. There are, of course, beautiful women in every country, and there are many types of beauty. There is spiritual beauty which shines forth even from the homely face, and which has little to do with form or feature. There is also the doll-like beauty which is purely physical and lasts but a day—an accident, a scar, gray hair, and it is gone forever. But the beauty of the women of Cuba is that of the blood-killing wine; of the dark eye with the steep of light and the bay of fire; of the long drooping eyelash, "half secret, half shy combining"—the poetic beauty of chivalry and old romance. If the Cuban women are as good as they are beautiful—and I have no reason to believe the contrary—then the order of things is reversed, for the Pearl (of the Antilles) instead of adorning, is itself adorned with many gems.



THE CITY PARKS—"EVERY NIGHT THERE IS MUSIC . . . AND THE POPULACE TURNS OUT IN GREAT NUMBERS"



SOON AFTER DARKNESS has fallen a flood of light ascends from the heart of the metropolis, and far into the night the heavens are paled, as though with the Eastern phantom of false dawn. The singular effect is produced by the incandescent illumination of the roof gardens, whose elevators begin carrying the audiences to the cooler regions before nine o'clock. An hour later this bright phase of New York's summer life has reached its full development. Thousands are put King Heat underfoot and are imbibing the pleasures of the upper air. Memories of the sweltering lower levels are drowned in cooling drinks, the strains of the perennial "coon song," the antics of the aeroist, and the jokes, limp though they be from overwork, of the monologue comedian or the Hibernian song and dance men.

In these lofty terraces of light and gay aspect the New Yorker obliged to remain at home during the torrid weeks finds an evening solace; for the stranger they are among the most pleasurable factors that give the city its distinction as a summer resort. They are assembling points of modish men and smart-gowned women—people who wear the hall-mark of easy circumstances. And if you would know how many of these are in evidence during July and August, let yourself be whisked some evening to the sky-scraping garden of the most elegant hotel—three hundred feet above the sun-soaked asphalt of Fifth Avenue! The newspaper's roll of "slain by the heat" may be appalling next morning, but here is a company of compeasant ones seated in the mellow light of shaded lamps, chatting while the orchestra plays and the ladies' light wraps flutter as they do on seaside verandas.

It is one of the scenes to prove that money solves easily the vexed problems of the hot season in a city where poverty must often make a tragic fight for life. Wall Street's captains of finance have to postpone for a while when they come to town in the morning to learn what London, Paris, and Berlin may be doing to their interests; but early in the afternoon most of them are returning to their country villas or speeding away in steam yachts to pass the night at sea. But one does not have to be a "magistrate" in order to effect his escape from town and go where the breath of Neptune may be missed. And yet, cheap as the fares are to summer resorts, there are thousands and thousands who cannot afford the outlay. There are in greater part the poor of the tenements, who must get what relief they can from the streets, the recreation piers, the fire-escapes of their wretched abodes, the wharfs along the river-front and the public parks. Though deprived of the delights of surf-bathing, they are able to take an occasional plunge at the public establishments or a shower bath on the rooftops when the clouds bestow their precious gifts. Rain is a blessing which the roof gardens do not invoke. There the roll of thunder often means the spoiling of the night's fun; in the tenement world it is a joyous proclamation of reprieve from suffering. Mothers lift their babes to the refreshing downpour, and whole families in scant raiment hold their fresh hands for the heavenly largess.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PARKS

But there are many spirits in the slums that will not wait for the rain. Now and then there is a sudden apparition of a boy leaping over the rail of a public train. The policeman hears a splash, but turns about and searches for peace that needs preserving in some other part of the park. The mercury must be desperately near the fixed mark, however, when such a display of tolerance is made—as it was for several days together when June was making way for July. That spell of equatorial weather proved sufficient to melt official sternness at divers points, so New York revelled in what seemed a carnival of personal liberty.

Order of the Park Commissioners, walking or even lying

on the grass was stricken from the list of high crimes and misdemeanors. People made homeless by the heat because driven from the tenements, or people who had no home anyway, were, for the first time in memory, suffered to repose all night on the benches without having a policeman strike the passing hours on their soles with a night-stick. Pedestrians were permitted, also, to take short cuts by walking in the carriage roads, and the idea of a wide-open park was carried still further by allowing picnic parties actually to drink beer while gathered on the lawns about their lunch-baskets. The period of live and let live meant an easy time for the bluecoats, who seemed to be governed by a general order not to see anything. It was almost impossible to catch a Central Park policeman's eye. For fear that you might be doing something he looked the other way.

a large proportion of these dwellings are a shame to civilization, and damning marks of private greed and official infamy. They are distinguished for their dark halls and rooms which sunlight never enters, even in reflected rays. In winter the rooms can be aired after a fashion, but in summer they are stifling dungeons. Yet many thousands manage to live in them all the year round, and exist through the sultry weeks. To such the fire-escapes afford breathing places. They are the hanging-gardens of the poor. A whole family will spend the night in one, and during the day, if on the shady side, every inch of space in them is occupied by men, women and children. In the days when horses were dying so fast that there were not vehicles enough in the regular equipment to carry them off, the teeming balconies were a most pathetic feature of street life.

MIDSUMMER STREET LIFE

Every scorching day the same scene is enacted. The sidewalks and roadways swarm with humanity, old and young, and the incessant wail of the slums fills the air. Often the gong of an ambulance sounds its meaning note, or the rushing dead wagon scatters a flock of children dancing about a hand-organ. Little aristocrats who can raise a cent clamor about the snowball man, a dexterous colored citizen who scrapes ice into white spheres, and with an elaborate jugglery of bottles dyes them red, green or yellow, according to the flavor demanded. Boys and girls who are too poor to buy a snowball climb on the ice wagon and glue their tongues to the smoking cakes until shooed away like flies by the driver. Here and there a man is seen trying to save his gasping horse by plowing upon him with a hose, while barefooted children frolic in the water as it runs away to join the dark tide of the gutter.

In the evening streams of people from the tenements are seen moving toward the recreation piers, which reach far into the river on either side of the city. Here they can sit and listen to music seven nights a week without cost, or promenade to the strains of the popular music which makes up a large part of the programme. No other city in the world can show assemblies like these. The ends of the earth lend to their composition. In the gabble that goes on during the music as well as in its pauses countless dialects strike the ear. So great are the throngs that the police have to keep those without seats on the move. The result is an ethnological pageant, up and down the pier, that presents a picture not to be forgotten of New York's wonderful compound of races.

When the band is gone most of the people return to their homes, many to make their bed on the roof or fire-escape, if the night be of the hottest. A large number are glad to remain and sleep on the benches of the pier; for this privilege, too, was included in the recent concession to freedom.

There is a roof-garden that differs little in the quality of its stage doings from those that attract a better-dressed public to the "Tenderloin's" upper air, but which delights large numbers of the poorer people. It possesses the charm of never failing to provide fresh breezes. It does not wait for the breezes to come, but knows where they are blowing and goes there. This is the floating roof garden of a colossal steamboat that leaves the city for a trip down the Bay every night of the week but one. The cost is small, and she goes away usually with decks well laden.

As she moves down the river and past the Statue of Liberty a resplendent spectacle is presented. From stem to stern she glows with lights of varied color. Seen from a distance, so that the strains of the orchestra and the human voices from on board sound but faintly over the waters, she seems like a piece adrift from fairyland. Two vaudeville performances are carried on at the same time—one on the main deck, under cover; the other on the hurricane deck, under the sky.

VAUDEVILLE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The same actors appear on both stages, and they have a rather busy time of it while the entertainment lasts—about



HOMeward Bound on Brooklyn Bridge, Wednesday Evening, July 24, Just Before Several Suspension Rods Broke and Train and Trolley Traffic Was Temporarily Suspended



CHEOPS.—ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

This grand old sentinel of the Rockies is one of the most imposing peaks of the range which guard the Columbia Valley. As one gazes, almost in awe, upon the noble slopes which lead upward to the bare, booting crags of the summit, the mind is filled with wonder as it realizes that for ages upon ages all this grand scenery, these tremendous mountain wastes, were unknown and unvisited—for even the hardy Kootenay Indian avoided this part of the Rockies. To him it was forbidden ground. Legends handed down to him from the sun and distant past gave the valleys of the Columbia and Beaver streams an evil name. So, for ages, no grizzly, the big horn and the caribou held undisputed possession of a region infinitely more beautiful, wild and savage than the Alps.

Today a three and one-half day run from Montreal over the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway will land you at Glacier. Here as you sip your wine and discuss the entrées you can see the majestic mass of Cheops through the open window; and with a strong glass at just eye, may sometimes see the wild creatures of the crag and forest traversing those 2500' slopes beneath the rocks, all unconscious of their proximity to a first-rate hotel. The mountains will always be there, but future generations will miss nature's cattle. It is only in these days when civilization is treading on the heels of savagery in the Canadian West that the traveler will see the caribou and big horn from the windows of his parlor car.

Pabst beer is always pure

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saves the table and linen. It prevents noise, and is a safeguard for dainty china. Is easily washed, does not harden, for it is knitted by our special process of soft, white cotton. DEALERS SELL IT. USED EVERYWHERE.

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PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

has availed many a case of appendicitis, because appendicitis is generally brought on by constipation and PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures constipation. It acts on the Liver and no reaction follows its use. Many medicines leave effects that are worse than the original malady, but PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is sure, speedy and safe. 50 cts. and \$1.00 at all druggists.

two hours. Their experience is quite different from that of performing in a theatre or on the stage of a stationary roof garden. In the middle of the comedian's best story—the one, often, upon which he relies for the laugh that shall make the audience his—the steam boat's whistle is likely to blow and drown every other sound with its long drawn groan. There is nothing for the actor to do but wait until the disturbance has ceased, while the audience shakes with laughter at his expense. He may try to carry off the situation with a witty remark, when the whistle at last permits him to proceed, but the effort is seldom successful. He must be a master hand if he makes his "turn go" after that. Another cruel foe of the performer is the thunder-storm. When this comes on the roof garden has to take itself to the covered deck. To move people to mirth while lightning is playing about the boat asks an order of genius which, I am afraid, the salaries paid here do not assure. At such trying moments a sentimental songstress has been known to score the hit of her career by singing ballads like "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" or "Home, Sweet Home."

The vaudeville boat goes as far as the Narrows, then cruises about in the Upper Bay. Before midnight the people are returned to the wharf, after one of the most interesting experiences that New York offers the pleasure-seeker in summer.

FISHING ON THE WHARFS

By day as well as night the waterfront, which bounds the old city on every side, is the refuge of thousands who cannot spare the small sum needed to take them away from Manhattan Island. Most of the wharfs are crowded and busy, so that fishers would be in the way, but there are some that afford welcome breathing spots for haggard mothers and their children or any one who wishes to get away from the barking streets. Fishermen are always found here during the day, and even at night, soberly angling for eels or tomcods. The tide that drains a great city carries many strange objects upon its bosom, and it happens that these sportsmen hook such wonders of the deep as old boots and dead catfish. But they catch a great many fish as well. There is a certain class of old-time fishermen with whom the wharfs of New York have always been in favor. Some of them have fished there so long that their memory runs to the days when hoop-skirts were not infrequent among the prizes won by their hooks.

FREE BATHS FOR IMPECUNIOUS CITIZENS

At certain points along the river the attention is arrested by a confusion of merry voices which tells unmistakably that somewhere a lot of people are having a frolic in the water. The mysterious sounds are found to come from the free bath-houses—spacious floating structures that are moored a short distance from the wharfs. To these the people are attracted in large numbers. A plunge in the river and an afternoon on the wharf watching the moving scenery of river life make up the only outing that many a dweller of the town ever knows. There are other free baths within the city—in the most congested quarters of the East Side—and some that exact an admission fee of five cents. In the torrid spells they are animated scenes indeed, and volatile with the glad shouts of the swimming, diving, gambling multitude. Some of the inland baths are equipped with hundreds of small cabinets, in each of which a shower is falling, with just room enough for one person to stand in the downpour. One great difficulty the attendants report in the scorching days is to get the people to leave after they have been in the allotted time. But there is always a line waiting, and the procession of bathers must be kept moving.

BATTERY PARK AND CASTLE GARDEN

Since the halcyon days when Father Knickerbocker's children romped on Bowling Green, and later, when Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden, Battery Park has been a public playground especially dear to the people. It lies on the most southerly tip of Manhattan Island, commanding a view of the noble harbor. It is here that many a child of the tenement jungle has felt his first thrill at the sight of sea water, and the coming and going of great ships. The memories of the "Battery" have ever been linked with the sea. Castle Garden, the old-time landing place for immigrants, is still there, though the impounding European hordes are now carried to Ellis Island. But the old Garden is not without sojourners that the sea has given us. The city has converted it into an aquarium, where all may see without cost a marvellous collection of members of the seal tribe. This is one of the several features that make the "Battery" attractive as a place for an all day outing.

There is a plenty of shade trees and seats. Long lines of benches are ranged on the stone quay so as to afford a view of the Bay's ever-moving panorama. All manner of craft pass to and fro—ocean liners, their decks teeming with eager passengers, if inward bound; Rockaway steamboats, having enough people

on board to make a good sized town; light-rigged ships flying every flag; saucy sloop-yachts, among them, possibly, the *Yacht de Fender*; iceboats from up the Hudson bringing what the city at times could not live without; revenue cutters, police and fire boats, steam yachts with money kings on deck, king. Here is the largest of the city's free entertainments. Ten thousand persons may here in a day.

WHERE METROPOLITAN RESORTERS "LISTEN TO THE BAND"

It is on summer nights, when the world is there, that Battery Park presents its longest and most interesting phase. Since the time of Peter Stuyvesant it has been a spot favored of young people. A playful chronicler uses the expression "spooning couples" in drawing a picture of an evening scene there one hundred and sixty years ago. It would do very well for to-day. From the lower districts of the city they begin assembling shortly before the bandmaster swings his baton. A few of the older people have secured seats about the music stand, but the major part of the audience keeps moving along the paths, the wind under the elms or on the broad esplanade that follows the sea wall. Now and then you hear a little scream as a wave dashes at the stone and throws its spray upon a passing bonnet. Sometimes the marching companies, as well as those that stand about the musicians, are moved to join in the words of some song of the hour. Then a mighty chorus goes out to the ships at anchor. Here and there, alone in the throng, a gray-haired man sighs sadly and wonders if in all that singing phalanx there is one who could sing the songs of his youth. With a sigh he tells him-self there is not—that the old songs are forgotten, and too, will soon be forgotten.

"LITTLE GERMANY" AND "MULBERRY BEND"

Every night there is music in one or more of the city parks, and always the popular turns out in great numbers. In the quarters that are distinctly foreign the bandmasters try to adapt the programme to the native tastes of their audiences. Thus the music chosen for "Little Germany" is quite distinct from that intended to delight the heart of Mulberry, which is the Italian quarter. In the latter place selections are made freely from such composers as Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi and Mascagni, with a liberal sprinkling of old but ever popular Italian ditties. It is a wonderful throng that assembles in Paradise Park on music nights. When the band strikes up "The Star-Spangled Banner"—always the prelude to free concerts—a sea of faces marking all the types of Italy shows weirdly in the dusk of coming darkness. Every bench is occupied, usually by bare-headed women holding babies almost naked. Those who cannot find seats walk or stand in the paths, carrying their smallest children and dragging the others after them.

IN "PARADISE PARK"

There is no special band-stand here. The musicians use a building known as the pavilion, or so much of it as is not taken up by the army of women and children who surround them while they play. From all directions the streams of dark-skinned belles and swaying beaux pour into the park—the belles in picture-hats that smack of Grand Street and the beau in summer outifts that tell of how they show-windows. Scarlet is the favorite color for the necktie, even when it is tied under the collar of a blue flannel shirt. From the big hats comes an English spoken only in Mulberry, and from the mouths above the gaudy scarfs short darts of inhaled cigarette smoke. The young set of the colony stand in groups or walk about the pavilion and hum when the band plays "Cavalleria Rusticana." But no aria, old or new, seems able to awake a responsive chord in the souls of their rough-handed fathers and tired, dry-visaged mothers on the benches. In striking contrast to this lowly picture is the scene at Madison Square on music night. Here, too, is a free concert, but the audience is composed in the main of people whose attire would not make them conspicuous in the rock-gardens.

TO FOLLY

FOLLY, we, alas! have been Jocund, oft and time again; Modest Virtue now shall be Fair handmaiden unto me.

In the loving eyes the tears Hallowed half the wastrel year; Ocean odors in thy hair, Lips that led to Passion's hair.

Farewell, Folly, let us part, Bind the old wounds in the heart! Gentle Virtue now shall be Sweet handmaiden unto me.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

N. A. A.
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FINISH OF THE SINGLE SCULLS—NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN'S REGATA, PHILADELPHIA, JULY 20

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

The twenty-ninth annual regatta of the N. A. A. O. was held on the Schuylkill, and Philadelphia gave it a large and appreciative support. Had they not been more or less warned of the probable results, this crowd would have been greatly disappointed in the showing of the Vespers, whose own crew, which had won the highest honors at Paris at the time of the Exposition. When a crew disagrees with its coach, and the coach resigns, these signs of trouble can hardly be taken as "the handwriting on the wall" predicting disaster. Not only were the Vespers whipped by the Argonauts, but also by the Winnipeg eight, which had only graduated into the senior class by winning a race at this regatta. All this should not detract in the least from the credit of the Argonauts, a Canadian crew which has made a reputation for itself in the rowing world, and which was sent to Henley next year. The Winnipeg crew also showed good form and plenty of "sand," rowing the Vespers down when the opportunity occurred and finishing next to the Argonauts. Edward Handan Ten Eyck ended all the stories that had been circulating about his inability to get into rowing form by literally playing with Greer, his



TEN EYCK AND LEWIS

opponent, and winning the singles easily. In fact, Tim, the winner of the Association singles, would unquestionably have given Ten Eyck a better race. It is said that the Vespers expect to get another chance at the Argonauts in a Canadian regatta next month. As the time made is not as fast as the winning time of the Vespers last year, it looks as though they might be hope for them yet.

The style of the Argonauts—which, so far as body swing is concerned, is nearer that of the Englishmen than any of our American crews—has started still further discussion as to the wisdom of American crews getting a longer reach forward.

The other winners were: Intermediate singles, Scholes; intermediate four-oars, Passaic Boat Club; association singles, Tracy; intermediate doubles, Detroit; international four-oars, Vassar; intermediate pair-oars, Atlanta. The officers for the season were elected immediately after the regatta, and the President, Walter Stimpson; vice-president, C. W. Pachman; secretary, F. R. Fortmeyer; treasurer, R. H. Price.

On Thursday, July 18, the yachtsmen at Larchmont enjoyed a fair southwesterly breeze, which was knocked into a cocked hat later in the day by a squall from the west. This squall altered the finishes, and gave a chance for reversal of form. *Mariel* beat *Quissette* and *Lagoon* in the schooner class, and *Isolde* in Class I of sloops went out over *Hester* on time allowance.

At Magnolia, in the championship singles, Paret defeated Childs, the former Yale player, three sets to one. But in the doubles, Childs and his partner, McKittrick, took revenge on Paret, who played with Hox, by defeating him and his partner three straight sets.

When it came to the challenge match for the cup, Paret, the challenger, met Dwight Davis, the holder. This was the first appearance of Davis since his English visit, and every one was anxious to see the effect of that visit upon his play. He began rather weakly, being manifestly nervous, a trait that formerly has not interfered with his game materially. He soon steadied down, however, and although Paret forced him, he won the set, 7—5. The next one Paret secured, 6—3, but Davis then put on more pace and developed his full strength. Volleying high balls was simply a pastime, and he killed Paret's lobes every time unless the challenger succeeded in getting the ball well over him into the back court. Paret's service bothered Davis somewhat, but the



MALCOLM WARD DWIGHT F. DAVIS J. P. PARET

last two sets went to the Harvard man, 6—2, 6—3, thus giving him permanent possession of the Magnolia Challenge Cup, which he had already won two years in succession.

At Cincinnati, Miss Nona Closterman defeated Miss Jones of Nevada, and followed this by a victory over Miss Julia Atkinson of Brooklyn. This is a great feather in Miss Closterman's cap, as Miss Jones and Miss Atkinson are in the top rank. Little of Princeton won the men's singles, beating Collins of Chicago three sets to one, while in the mixed doubles, Little and Miss Jones defeated Collins and Miss Neely two straight sets.

The first match of note played by Walter Travis, the American National Amateur Golf champion, across the water was one at North Berwick, against Norman Hunter of Oxford, and Travis lost it. Hunter having him 2 down and 1 to play. A good many have argued from this that English class in golf is far higher than the facts would warrant. This is because they do not know the game of Norman Hunter. He is the captain of the Oxford University team, and played one of the finest matches of the English Amateur Championship of 1901 when he met Mr. J. L. Low in one of the early rounds. Low eventually was the runner up to Hilton, the winner, and that, too, in a closely contested match. Hunter's match with Low was considered one of the fine ones of the third round of the tournament. At one time during the first half and part of the second, Low's friends thought that he had the match easily, for he stood 4 up with 4 to play. Then Hunter came very strongly, and had it not been for some faulty work on the green, it would have been a halved match. Hunter also had the distinction in the first round of the Amateur Championship of putting out Mr. Blackwell, the noted long driver. He is one of the steadiest of the younger class in the Kingdom, and Travis could hardly have picked a stronger representative.



CHEVY CHASE CLUB HOUSE

CHEVY CHASE GOLF

The very name Chevy Chase brings visions of horses and hounds and red-coated riders galloping merrily across the country, of tennis, croquet and golf grounds, of sweet country sounds and smells, and all out-of-door delights. It is for comparatively brief periods, however, that horses and hounds hold sway at the Chevy Chase Club, while golf, ever-fascinating golf, reigns day after day and month after month, through winter's blasts and summer's fervid heat.

Few golf clubs in the country are better known, and certainly it can be said of but few others that the membership list alone makes interesting reading. It is literally true in this case, and, beginning with the name of its distinguished president, Thomas Nelson Page, and ending only with the last name of the list the names there inscribed stand for all that is best in the highest and most varied walks of life. Here the highest officials of our own land—grave justices, Cabinet officials, admirals and generals—ambassadors and foreign diplomats, and charming society women, congregate day after day, official and social cares forgotten in the absorbing task of getting the elusive little spheres safely over the prescribed course.

The grounds of this club are distant about seven miles from the city of Washington, just across the Maryland line, the ride either by trolley or carriage being a most picture-que one, leading as it does through the newer and more fashionable part of the town, up the heights, across the steep banks of Rock Creek, on past the magnificent National Zoo—so closely that the cries of the animals are sometimes too plainly heard to suit the timidly inclined; still on, up hill and down dale, through woodland sweet with the breath of summer—all ways that lead to the links are delightful ways, for old Nature speaks as potently to the humble trolleyist as to the occupants of the many smart traps, automobiles and coaches which line the carriage way when there is any event of more than usual importance in progress there.

Every foot of the way is delightful, and when the crimson flag of the club, with its three black C's, is seen waving above the quaint red clubhouse, one realizes instinctively that there are still other delights in store.

More modern and pretentious club-houses there are in plenty, but few with the antiquity and such traditions as cluster about this old-fashioned country house set prettily in its queer old garden of box and cedar and flowering shrubs, its brilliant coat of red even failing to give it a frivolous air. Way back in the days of George III, many broad acres were conveyed by patent under the name of Chevy Chase (commemorative of the ancient English Chevay Clays) to one of the early settlers of Maryland and retained by "him and his" until 1800, when the lands and buildings passed into the possession of the distinguished Bradley family, there to remain for nearly a century. When the British entered Washington with such disastrous results to many of the public buildings, it was in this old farmhouse that the machinery of several of the Departments, together with a large number of important documents from the White House, found a temporary home, and many of the prominent officials, including several members of President Madison's Cabinet, made this house their home for several weeks. When Lafayette visited Washington in 1825, a large escort headed by one of the Bradley boys left this old homestead on gayly decorated horses to act as escort for the famous French general. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Sumner, and many more of the brilliant men of the famous old days, were received as guests and

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GENERAL MILES

Copyright 1901 by Wilbert Melville friends under this hospitable old roof. It remained in possession of some member of the Bradley family until a very few years ago, when a California syndicate acquired most of the land originated in the charming parklike suburb of Chevy Chase.

The club has made its home here since its organization in 1892, and has grown in membership and interest year by year. The green is in the rear of the clubhouse, and the fact that the 18-hole course is in full view from the wide piazza is an attractive feature to many who are content to follow the game at a distance. There are always onlookers, and the view across the beautifully kept turf, with the Maryland hills rolling away into the soft blue haze, is most attractive. It seems hardly possible that even the most enthusiastic golfer can become so intent upon the intricacies of the game as to be wholly oblivious to the beauty of the scene.

In considering the personnel of the membership one is obliged to wonder if there is some mystic tie between golf and the legal mind, so thoroughly is the legal fraternity represented. Justice John M. Harlan of the Supreme Court, his judicial robes laid aside for a picturesque golf costume, may be found almost any bright day in the year thoroughly enjoying the sport and playing in such fine form that he is the envy of many men not half his age. He often participates in the championship matches, and the artist has caught him making one of the phenomenal drives for which he is famous. Justice McKenna, while not so ardent a devotee as his brother Justice, is often on the links and plays a very good game. Justice White seems to derive pleasure enough as a spectator, and has not yet become an active participant. Justice Harlan is therefore good-naturedly referred to by his brother Justices as the "Golf expert of the Bench." The former Attorney-General, Judge Griggs, was also an enthusiast, and still retains his membership in the club, as do his three daughters, who were equally devoted to the game. His successor, Judge Knox, is also a very good player and spends considerable time in the enjoyment of the game. Superior General Richards also finds great pleasure and relaxation in the sport. Scenery Room, who is also one of the finest lawyers in the country, is an occasional player. These are only the "shining lights," the best being capable of almost indefinite extension, all of

which seems to go to prove that the brilliant lawyer makes a brilliant golfer.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, is often to be seen enjoying the game. The general gentleman presents a picturesque bit of color as he flits about in his gorgeous robes, but their ragtag-like cut does not seem to hamper his movements in the least, for he often makes exceedingly clever plays. General Miles, the head of the army, his gold lace and stunning uniforms laid aside for a strictly business-like costume, is a frequenter of the links and a skilful player. He and his son, who is also to be a soldier, enjoy many closely contested games together. Admiral Dewey is a player and so is Admiral Selfridge, Paymaster-General Bates is often found playing, and so is the Rev. Dr. Talmage when he is in the city. Dr. L. L. Harlan, who made such a brilliant record last winter in the Southern Golf Tournament, where he captured a quartet of championship cups, while not a member of this club, is often a guest here and a participant in friendly rivalries. In a recent competition for a prize cup offered by Mr. F. C. H. Horstman of the club, Miss Josephine Patten secured the trophy, having covered the course in 117 strokes, while Miss Todd came in second with a record of 120 strokes; the match having been participated in by many of the ladies of the club in spite of the showers which continued throughout the day, causing considerable annoyance.

The final game for the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Cedarhurst was one of the most interesting and hardest fought of the polo season. The Country Club of Westchester was supposed to carry a little the better of the money, and started off fast and strong in the first period, hitting three goals to Bryn Mawr's one. But in the second period Bryn Mawr responded, and Snowden made three goals in less than that many minutes. Bryn Mawr scored four more during that period, while Westchester only secured three. The Pennsylvania team held the Country Club without a score in the third period and forced them to a safety. Westchester nearly equalled Bryn Mawr's performance in the last period, getting two goals in three minutes; but Snowden also secured one for Bryn Mawr. Potter, Westchester's back, got the only fall of the game, but escaped uninjured. The final score was as follows: Bryn Mawr 11, Westchester 7½.

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ATTORNEY-GEN. KNOX

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BOATS AND ROWING

This year has brought out more boating interest than any for a number of years. Not only is there much to reflect upon in the work on this side the water, but even in conservative Great Britain there have been experiments and changes which indicate a belief in the possibility of progress. The visit of Mr. Vivian Nickalls of London, the noted single sculler and brother of Guy Nickalls, has been full of interest. Mr. Nickalls states that the Brocas boat of Oxford picture and description of which was published in these columns has made short boats very popular. He states that the boat as it was actually rowed in the race was some inches shorter than had been intended, and that her nose was under water practically all the time; but that she was steady as a rock, and her crew fully able to make the most of themselves in the rough going. He thinks, however, that had the boat been a trifle longer and more originally designed she would have proved better.

The question of boats seems to have attained an unusual prominence this season in rowing councils. At Henley there are likely to be some further developments, for it is generally conceded on all sides that more than one race will be required between the contrasting patterns used by Oxford and Cambridge university

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interesting question as to the possibilities of the so-called Brocas boat used by Oxford in the recent race will be settled. The fact that the Brocas creation, with its abnormally short dimensions, carried the dark blues to victory, means less because of the narrow margin of the victory, which finally went to the crew of unquestionable superiority. The opponents of the

Brocas shell con-

tend that in any boat Oxford should have won handsomely. As it was, her eight were able to snatch out a meagre victory only after heroic work in the last three minutes of the contest, and as a general proposition it looks as if the shell—seven feet shorter and considerably broader than its Cambridge rival—was actually a handicap.

Mr. Clarence Mackay is reported to have in process of construction for him an automobile that will prove the fastest machine in this country. Its road rate is expected

to be well over seventy miles an hour. This will put in the shade the present autos, and if its speed actually materializes within ten per cent of what is expected there will be nothing to match it. Vanderbilt's "White Ghost" must be replaced and Bostwick will have to have a new machine in order to keep anywhere near the procession.

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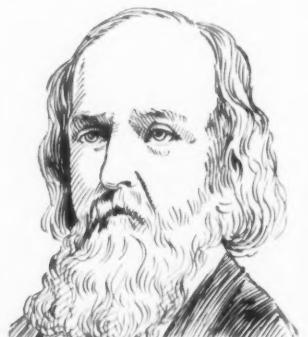
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FOR WELL PEOPLE

An Easy Way to Keep Well.

It is easy to keep well if we would observe each day a few simple rules of health.

The all important thing is to keep the tongue right and to do this it is not necessary to diet or to follow a set rule or bill of fare. Such pampering simply makes a capricious appetite and a feeling that certain articles of food must be avoided.



Prof. Wiechold gives pretty good advice on this subject, he says: "I am 68 years old and have never had a serious illness, and at the same time my life has been largely an indoor one, but I early discovered that the way to keep healthy was to keep a healthy stomach, not by eating bran crackers or dieting of any sort; on the contrary I always eat what my appetite craves, but for the past eight years I have made it a daily practice to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals and I attribute my robust health for a man of my age to the regular daily use of Stuart's Tablets.

"My physician first advised me to use them because he said they were perfectly harmless and were not a secret patent medicine, but contained only the natural digestives, peptones and diastase, and after using them a few weeks I have never ceased to thank him for his advice.

"I honestly believe the habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is the real health habit, because their use brings health to the sick and ailing and preserves health to the well and strong."

"Men and women past fifty years of age need a safe digestive after meals to insure a perfect digestion and to ward off disease, and the safest, best known and most widely used is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"They are found in every well regulated household from Maine to California and in Great Britain and Australia are rapidly pushing their way into popular favor.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full-sized packages at 50 cents and for a weak stomach a fifty cent package will often do fifty dollars worth of good.



JUSTICE HARLAN



SOLICITOR-GEN. RICHARDS

WALTER CAMP.

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Walter Camp.

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Send for our circular.

THE ETERNAL CITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

Deputy must be arrested without the fulfilment of various conditions required by law. One of those conditions is that she should be in a position to denounce him."

The Baron half rose from his chair. "You ask me to do what?"

"The Baron bowed very low. "The Government does not care for me," he said. "It only hopes that your Holiness will permit his informant to do so."

"You are aware," said the Pope, "that the lady you speak of is married to the Deputy?"

"We are aware that she thinks she is."

"What?" said the indignant voice of the Capuchin; but the Baron's left hand was raised again.

"Therefore, sir, you ask me to require the wife to sacrifice her husband."

"Your Holiness calls it so—to make an act that will prevent public peace . . ."

The Baron bowed, the young King was restless, and there was a moment's silence. Then the Pope said:

"Putting aside the extreme unlikelihood that the lady knows more than she has said, and we have already considered what possible inducement do you expect us to offer that she should sacrifice her husband?"

"Her husband's life," said the Baron.

"Your Holiness may not know that the Governments of Europe, having proved the existence of a widespread plot against civil society, have joined in measures of repression, against these is the extension to all countries of what is called the Belgian clause in all extradition treaties, whereby persons guilty of regicide or of attempts at regicide, or of plots directed against the lives of sovereigns, are liable to arrest."

"Well?"

"The Deputy Rossi is now in Berlin. If he were denounced as the conditions required by law, as conspiring against the life of the King, we might arrest him to-night and bring him here as a common murderer."

"Well?"

"Your Holiness may not have heard that since the late coup d'état the Parliament, in spite of the protests of His Majesty, has re-established capital punishment for all forms of high treason."

"Therefore," said the Pope, "if the wife were to denounce her husband for participation in this conspiracy he would be condemned to death and hanged."

"For this conspiracy—yes," said the Baron. "But the cause is not the only conspiracy the man Rossi has engaged in. Eighteen years ago he was condemned in conspiracy against the life of the late King. He has not yet suffered for his crime, because of the difficulty of bringing it home. In that case, as in this, there is only one person known to the authorities who can fulfill the conditions imposed by law. That person is the informant of your Holiness."

"Well?"

"If your Holiness can prevail upon the lady to identify her husband as the man condemned for the former conspiracy he will be helping her to save her husband's life from the penalty due to him for the present one."

"How?"

"His Majesty is willing to promise your Holiness that whatever the result of a new trial in Assize to follow the old one in chamber, he will grant a complete pardon."

"And then?"

"Then the Deputy Rossi will be banished, the threatened conspiracy will be crushed, the public peace will be preserved, and the King's life will be saved."

The Pope leaned forward on the arms of his chair, but he did not speak, and there was silence for some moments.

"Thus your Holiness must see," said the Baron smoothly, "that in asking you to obtain the denunciation of the man Rossi the Government is only looking to your Holiness to fulfil the mission of mercy to which your venerated position has destined you."

"And if I refuse to exercise this mission of mercy?"

"The man we speak of is the bitter enemy of the Church. Whatever his hypocrisies, he is at once an atheist and a Freemason, sworn to allow no private interests or feelings, no bonds of patriotism or blood, to turn himself aside from his purpose, which is to overthrow civil society and the Church."

"Well?"

"He is also a bitter personal foe of the Holy Father, and knows no object so near as that of tearing him from his place and shaking the throne of St. Peter."

"Well, sir?"

"The police and the army of the Government are the only forces by which the Holy Father can be protected, and without them the bad elements which lurk in every community would break out on every hand, the Holy Father would be driven from Rome, and his priests assaulted in the streets."

"But what will happen if I refuse to outrage the sanctity of an immortal soul in spite of all this danger?"

"Your Holiness asks me what will happen if you refuse to obtain the denunciation of a man whom your Holiness knows to be conspiring against public order?"

"I do."

"What will happen will be . . . your Holiness, I am speaking of . . ."

"That if the crime is committed and the King is killed I, the Minister of His Majesty, will be in a position to say—and to call upon this friar to witness—that the Pope knew of it beforehand, and under the most noble sentiments about the sanctity of an immortal soul gave a supreme encouragement to regicide."

"And then, sir?"

"The world makes no nice distinctions, your Holiness, and the Vatican is now at war with nearly all the powers and peoples of Europe. In the presence of a monstrous crime against the most innocent and the most highly placed the world could say that what the Pope did not prevent the Pope desired, what the Pope desired the Pope designed, and that . . ."

A year of the Prince of Peace attempted to rebuild

the Holy Roman Empire by the plots of conspirators and the daggers of assassins."

"You come to me, sir, when you have exhausted all other means of obtaining your end?"

"Naturally the Government wished if possible to spare your Holiness an unusual and painful ordeal."

"The lady has resisted all influences which can be brought to bear upon her by the proper authorities."

"I have heard of it, sir. I have heard what your 'authorities' have done to humble a helpless woman. She has been the victim of a heartless man and by knowledge of that fact your 'authorities' have tempted and tried her. They tried her with poverty, with humiliation, with jealousy and the shadow of shame. But the blessed God upheld her in the love which had awakened in her soul, and she withstood them to the last."

The Baron, for the first time, looked confused.

"I have also heard that in order to achieve the same end one of your jails has been the scene of a scandal which has outraged every divine and human law."

"Your Holiness must not accept for truth all that is printed in the halfpenny papers."

"Is it true that into the cell where a helpless unfortunate was paying the penalty of his crime your 'authorities' introduced a police agent in disguise to draw him into a denunciation of his accomplices?"

"These are matters of office, your Holiness. I do not assert them and I do not deny."

"In the name of humanity I ask you are such 'authorities' punished, or do they sit in the cabinets of your Ministers of the Interior?"

"No doubt the officials went too far, your Holiness, but shall we for the sake of a miserable malefactor who told one story to-day and another to-morrow drag our public service through courts of law? Pity for such persons is morbid sentimentalism, your Holiness, unworthy of a strong and enlightened Government."

"Then God destroy all such Governments, sir, and the bad and un-Christian system which supports them. Allow that the man *was* a miserable malefactor it was not he alone that was offended, but in his poor, degraded person the eternal spirit of Justice. What did your 'authorities' do? They tortured the man by his love for his wife, by the memory of his murdered child, by all that was true and noble in him."

The Pope had risen in his chair and lifted one hand over his head with a majestic gesture. Involuntarily the young King, who had been ashen pale for some moments, dropped to his knees, but the Baron only folded his arms and stiffened his legs.

"Have you ever thought, sir, of the end of the unjust Minister? Think of his dying hour, tortured with the memory of young lives dissolved, mothers dead, widows desolate and children left in tears. Think of the day after his death when he who has passed through the world like the scourge of God, lies at its feet, and no one is so mean but he may spurn the dishonored carcass. You are aiming high, but beware!"

The Pope sat down, and the King, ashamed of his weakness, rose to his feet.

"You promise me," said the Pope, "that if—I say if—in order to avoid bloodshed and to prevent a crime I obtain from this lady the identification of her husband as the person condemned for the former conspiracy, you will spare and pardon him whatever happens?"

"Holy Father, I give you my solemn word for it."

"Then leave me! Let me think! . . . Wait! If she consents where must she go to?"

"To the Procure by the Ponte Ripetta, and, as time presses, at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning," said the Baron.

"Leave me! Leave me!"

The King knelt again and kissed the Pope's hand, but the Baron only bowed as he passed out behind his sovereign.

XIV

GOOD FRIDAY'S ministerial paper announced in its official column that late the night before the King, attended by the Minister of the Interior, had paid a surprise visit to the Mint, which was in the Via Fondamenta, a lane approached by way of the silent passage which leads to the lodging of the Canons of St. Peter's. Roma was puzzling over the inexplicable announcement when Old John, one of Rossi's pensioners, knocked at her door. His face and his lips were white, and when Roma offered him money he put it aside impatiently.

"You mustn't think a gold hammer can break the gate of heaven, Excellency," the old man said.

Then he told his story. The King had seen the Pope in secret the night before, and there was something going on about the Honorable Rossi. John knew it because his grandson had left Rome that morning for Chiasso, and another member of the secret police had started for Medane. If Donna Roma knew where the Honorable was to be found she had better tell him not to return to Italy.

"Better be a wood-bird than a cage-bird, you know," the old man whispered.

In the uneasy depths of Roma's soul only one thing was now certain. Her husband was in danger and he must not attempt to cross the frontier. Yet how was he to be prevented? The difficulty was enormous. If Rossi had replied to her letter by telegram, as she had asked him to do, she might have found some means of reply. At length an idea occurred to her, and she sat down to write a letter.

"DEAREST," she wrote, while her eyes shone with a kind of delirium and tears trickled down her cheeks, "I am very ill and as you cannot come to me I must go to you. Don't think me too weak and womanish, after all my solemn promises to be strong and brave. But I can only live by love, dearest, and your absence is more than I can bear."

"I know my husband has other things to think about, great things, high and noble aims and objects, but I am only a woman in spite of my loud pretences and I must be loved, or I shall die. Not that I am afraid of dying, because I know that if I die I shall be with you in a moment, and this cruel separation will be at an end. But I want to live, and I'm certain I shall begin to feel better after I have passed a few

moments at your side. So I shall pack up immediately and start away literally on the wings of the morning."

"Expect me, then, by the fastest train leaving Rome to-morrow morning and don't budge from Paris until I arrive."

"ROMA."

The strain of this letter, with its conscious subterfuge and its unconscious truth, put Roma into a state of fever, and when she had finished it and sent it out to post, her head was light and she was aware for the first time that she was really ill.

Tommaso, the Garibaldian, came upstairs smiling and wrinkling and holding out a letter. "From Trinità dei Monti," he whispered. Flushing crimson and trembling visibly, Roma took the letter out of the old man's hands with as much apprehension as if he had tried to deal her a blow, and went off to her room.

XV

The letter bore the Berlin postmark. It ran:

"MY DEAR WIFE—I left Paris rather unexpectedly three days ago and arrived here on Tuesday. The reason of my sudden flight was the announcement in the Paris papers of the festivities intended in Rome in honor of the King's ascension. Such a shameless outrage on the people's sufferings in the hour of their greatest need seemed to call for immediate and effectual protest."

"There is a train north at nine-thirty," thought Roma. "I must leave to-night, not in the morning."

"O Roma, Roma, my dear Roma! I understand your father now and can sympathize with him at last. He held that even regicide might become a necessary weapon in the warfare of humanity, and though I know that some of the greatest spirits had recourse to it I always thought of it with regret as the defect of your father's quality as a prophet and the limit of his vision. But now I see that the only difference between us was that his heart was bigger than mine, and that short of these cruel crises, in which the people are helpless and can do nothing by constitutional means, evolution and revolution is their hope and anchor."

Roma felt hysterical. There could no longer be any doubt of Rossi's intention.

"Briefly, our cry is Associate! Associate! Associate! As soon as our scheme is complete, and associates all over Europe receive the word to commence concerted movement, the tyrants at the head of the states will find the old edifices riddled and honeycombed and ready to fall as by a blast from the horn of Joshua."

"Meantime the worst dangers are from the standing armies with which the great states have surrounded themselves. This was the evil that led to the disasters of the 1st of February. It threatens further consequences now, and so as a grain of mustard-seed may grow into a great tree, I send you a short proclamation which you will ask old Pelagrino to print and post forthwith:

"SOLDIERS.—The principle of universal love which was preached from the Mount of Olives is far from fulfilled, although the world is marching on under the rule of natural law to the abolition of war. Begun in savage conditions, and having passed already through its personal, family, civic and provincial developments, it is doomed to die in that international union of the peoples which in the near or far-off future will be the supreme victory of right over force. But in the meantime I call on you as men who offer your country the sacrifice of your lives to consider the moral bearing and legality of some of the activities you are asked to undertake."

"The business of the soldier is to fight the ENEMIES of his country, and he has no right to fight his own people—when he does so he is false to his masters and therefore a rebel and a traitor. This is the true logic let who will gainsay it."

"Roman Soldiers, inheritors of the glory of our fathers, when you are commanded to execute martial law, does nothing tell you that you are fighting against brothers? Refuse to do it. If ever again the eagles of the army call on you to terrorize your brethren for demanding the right to live, throw down your arms like brave men rather than commit murder and fratricide."

"DAVID ROSSI."

Roma imagined she could see everything as it was intended to be—the signal, the rising, the regicide. "There is a train at two-thirty, I must catch that one," she thought.

"Dearest, don't attempt to reply to this letter, for I may leave Berlin any moment, but whether for Geneva or Zurich I don't yet know. I can give you no address for letter or telegram, and perhaps it is best that at the critical moment I should cut myself off from all connection with Rome. Before many days I shall be with you, my absence will be over, and, God willing, I shall never leave your side again . . ."

Roma was growing dizzy. Rossi was rushing on his death and there was no help for him. It was like the awful hand of the Almighty driving him blindly on.

"Adieu, my darling. Keep well. A friend writes that letters from Rome are following me from London. They must be yours, but before they overtake me I shall be holding you in my arms. How I long for it! I am more than ever full of love for you, and if I have filled my letter with 'affairs' I have other things to say to you the very moment we meet. Don't expect me until you see me in your room. Be brave! Now is the moment for all your courage. Remember you promised to be my soldier as well as my wife—ready and waiting when her captain calls."—D. R."

Roma was standing with Rossi's letter in her hand—her face and lips quite white, and her head full of a roaring noise—when a knock came to the bedroom door. Before answering she thrust the letter into the stove and set a match to it.

It was Father Pifferi. The old man's gentle face looked troubled. Roma gave him a penetrating and fearful glance.

"The Holy Father wishes to see you again," he said.

"Does he want me to . . . to do any harm to my husband?" said Roma in a tremulous voice.

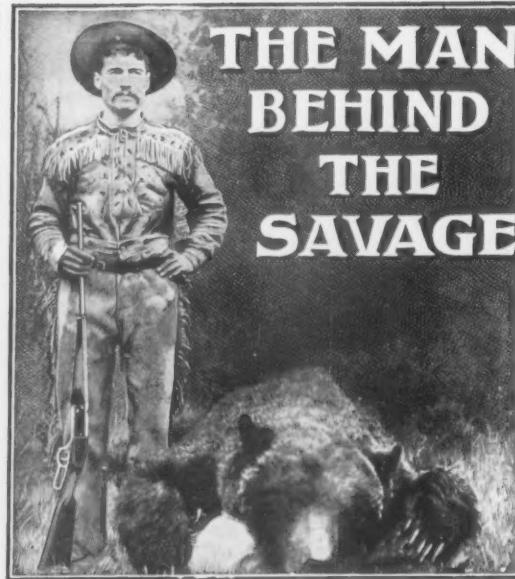
"Indeed no, my daughter. On the contrary, he wishes you to save him."

Roma thought for a moment; then she said, "Very well, let us go," and she returned to her room to make ready. The last of the letter was burning in the stove.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



MRS. PAUL KRUGER, WIFE OF THE BOER PRESIDENT, DIED IN PRETORIA, AT THE KRUGER HOMESTEAD, JULY 20. SHE WAS A VITAL CAL BOER "THROW," AGED 67; WAS "DAM" PAUL'S SECOND WIFE, AND LEAVES SEVEN CHILDREN. SHE WAS HIS CONSTANT COMPANION FOR NEARLY TWO GENERATIONS THROUGH THE VICISSITUDES OF THE TRANSVAAL.



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